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EDWARD T. TUTEN, Editor.
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EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

An effort will be made to oust Senator Kellogg from his seat in the Senate.

HON. SETH H. YOCUM's manner of voting in Congress is an enigma to the Democrat.

The Border Raid bill was defeated in the House at Harrisburg on Tuesday of last week.

The Democratic State circus and menagerie will meet at Harrisburg on the 15th of July.

Over eight thousand negroes have located in the West since the great exodus commenced.

A Massachusetts school teacher has his desk behind his pupils, and the plan is said to work well.

CALIFORNIA adopted a new constitution last week. There was a bitter contest, and resulted in a victory for hoodlumism.

PRESIDENT HAYES has vetoed the military interference bill. His message was sent to the House on Monday. Another whack at the rebels!

The editor of the *Oklaoma States* is evidently in need of a physic. There is something in that fellow that ought to come out.—*Watchman*.

"Physician, heal thyself." Take an emetic.

THE *Vicksburg Herald*, a Democratic journal, states emphatically that Mississippi will be lost to the Democracy in 1880 if Tilden is nominated.

The real estate business in New York is brisk. More transfers are being made now than for years. This is an encouraging sign, as it shows the permanency of the trade revival.

The *Watchman* says the man Freeman and his fanatical friends, implicated in the Massachusetts horror, voted the Republican ticket. Inasmuch as the devil associates only with the Democratic party, it being the only congenial company he has, we infer that these people were Democrats.

The man Cox who murdered Col. Alston at the State House, Atlanta, Ga., was found guilty of murder and sentenced to imprisonment for life. This penalty is virtually the extreme of the law in this State, as the law, passed with Alston's aid at the last session of the Legislature, giving juries the right to recommend life imprisonment in all cases of murder as they see fit, in effect abolishes the death penalty. Cox thus is the first man convicted of murder who receives the benefits of that law.

THE *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, an advocate of General Grant's re-nomination for the Presidency, is opposed to making his reception a political affair. It says: "He will very soon be the declared choice of a majority of the people for President of the United States, but there is no necessity just now for forcing the issues involved in this choice, and there is still less necessity for greeting him in California by a horde of hungry politicians, every one of whom will be suspected of selfish motives in the cordiality displayed."

EVERY once in a while a rumor is set afloat that a grand strike will be simultaneously inaugurated in every part of the country. Such a rumor comes from Chicago now. The socialist leaders there assert that they, with the trades unions, are organizing a strike to begin July 5 and to be general throughout the country. They will demand the universal adoption of the eight-hour system and will settle the matter of wages after their demands on that point are acceded to. This strike has been decided on in their privy councils, but it is no secret that the purposes of the workingmen are to secure better wages.

Shall the Negro be Denied Liberty of Worship?

Under this head the New York *Independent*, the most prominent non-sectarian religious weekly in the United States, discusses the question at issue. It treats, at some length, of the promises and assurances of its southern contemporaries, but fails to find any evidence to warrant it in placing confidence in the South so far as securing freedom for the negro is concerned. In the *Independent's* article is embodied an account of the death of Rev. Todd, about which the *Watchman*, of this place, made such a squabble a few weeks ago. The narrative is taken from *Central Christian Advocate* of St. Louis. It cannot fail to make one's blood boil with indignation on reading it.

"The victim was the Rev. W. M. Todd, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and his presiding elder, the Rev. J. G. Pollard, who was a witness of the attack, writes the history of the case. Mr. Todd was appointed to Brinkley circuit, in the Little Rock district of the Little Rock Conference, Feb. 24, 1879. Soon after going to his station, he asked Mr. Pollard to help him organize his church, for the colored people held aloof owing to misrepresentations and threats of the white men, who said they had a way of getting rid of men who came from the North to preach to the colored people." Mr. Pollard went there March 21st and held several services, mixed congregations attending. After the meeting on the night of March 26th, at which the marshal of the town was present, among others, as Mr. Todd and Mr. Pollard were on their way to their lodging, they were confronted by two men. One of these men was the marshal, who, pointing a revolver at the ministers, ordered them to be searched; then they were conducted up the street. In front of the post-office was the postmaster, who, at the request of Mr. Pollard, accompanied them, to see that no harm was done to them. The marshal ordered them, on reaching a certain place, to enter a long dark passageway leading to the rear of a billiard-room. Mr. Pollard objected, saying, 'If you are civil officers, give us a fair chance.' At this point Mr. Todd became frightened and ran. The officers shot at him three times, then pursued him, leaving Mr. Pollard in the custody of the postmaster. Soon they returned, saying that Mr. Todd had escaped. Mr. Pollard was then taken into a low saloon and handcuffed, and lead into a back room and stripped and searched. The marshal then said Mr. Todd was the man he wanted. Soon Mr. Todd returned and gave himself up, and he too was examined. Both were released. Mr. Pollard called for a doctor to dress Mr. Todd's wounds but he would not without his fee in advance. Mr. Pollard paid him out of some missionary money, having none of own. The next day Mr. Pollard took Mr. Todd to the country. In a week or two the latter returned to Brinkley, taking with him his crippled brother, to send him to Little Rock. They went to the hotel. A servant called them, saying the train was coming. This was at night. When Mr. Todd arrived at the foot of the stairs, he saw eight or ten masked men at the front door. He turned and fled to the rear, the men searching for him with lanterns. He escaped, however, and managed to drag himself through the brush and briars to a station nine miles from Brinkley, where he took a freight train for Little Rock, dying in that city of his wounds, April 23d."

Such is the story. If it is not true, its falsity can be easily proved. It bears the stamp of truth, and can, no doubt, be thoroughly substantiated. Here a minister is struck down for no crime, except that he was a Northern man and preached to the colored people.

In continuing the same argument, the *Independent* adds that it seems to be the determination, at least in some parts of the South, that the Negro

shall be deprived of liberty of worship, as well as liberty of the franchise. From *The Southern Christian Advocate*, of New Orleans, we learn that a police order has been issued, on the authority of Mayor Patton, which we give as follows:

"Commanding officers are hereby instructed to notify the preachers of the various colored churches in your precinct that services whenever held must terminate at 10 p. m. Under no circumstances must they be allowed to hold services after that hour. Affidavits must be made against preachers violating this order for disturbing the peace."

This is a most extraordinary stretch of power. Is the mayor of New Orleans ignorant of the fact that this order directly violates the Constitution of the United States and the most sacred right of the people, older than the Constitution, freely to worship God and "peaceably to assemble?" If he be, he is not competent to be a poundkeeper; if not, he is guilty of a crime against the liberty of citizens of the United States. If he has the right to prohibit religious services after 10 p. m., he can prohibit them after dark. He has, in fact, just as much authority to say that colored people shall not assemble at all for purposes of worship. Shall such an outrage pass unchallenged? Are the people of the United States willing to stand still and see right after right plucked away from the defenseless Negro? There is one thing certain whatever the North may do or not do, the Negro will escape from the hand of his oppressors in some way. There are States in which he knows he can enjoy complete liberty, however severe may be the struggle necessary for a livelihood. The exodus will continue. The Rev. Dr. Webster, of South Carolina, says the colored people of that State, wearied with the constant and unavailing fight for their rights, are ready to migrate to the West; and the same is doubtless, true of other States. It is a most significant fact, as given by the *Charleston News and Courier* (Democratic), that there "is a steady flow of colored people from other counties to Beaufort county, the only county in this State which the Democrats did not carry at the last election." Let us welcome and help the refugees, and not withhold our severest condemnation of the oppressors.

THE invasion of the Indian Territory has become a matter of serious consequence, notwithstanding the proclamation of the President, and the movement is now becoming serious. The Secretary of War, speaking on the subject, said that he had heard from General Sheridan lately. That officer says that he will at once carry out the instructions of the department, and forcibly, if necessary, eject all intruders upon the lands of the Indians. There are twelve hundred troops immediately available, and an additional force will be ordered to the scene as they may be called for by the Lieutenant General. Should affairs in the Territory assume a warlike aspect, martial law, or a general order to the same effect, will be issued, and all intruders will be dealt with accordingly. The Secretary of War is determined that these invading persons shall be removed from the Indian country, and Gen. Sheridan is equally in earnest.

THE Indiana elections, last week, show up handsomely for the Republicans. The *Journal* says it was a glorious Republican victory along the whole line, with the exception of one or two cities, where the result was influenced by local issues.

THE Republicans gained from 800 to 1,000 votes at the Indianapolis, Ind., election last Tuesday. The people out there have evidently heard from Congress.

REV. TALMAJOR was acquitted last Thursday by the Brooklyn Presbytery, and now he will go on preaching in the "new and improved style."

How do the Democracy enjoy votes, as a regular diet.—*Commercial*.

Dreadful!

He sees it coming. Who sees it, and what? We refer to a fellow named Goodlander, the editor of Bill Wallace's back-woods organ at Clearfield. He says that Republicans of the Grant stripe "are conspirators against the Union and should be despised for their treason." This Bourbon dough-face says they are requested to "wheel into line and inaugurate a rebellion," and that "this movement is brought about by unbounded egotism, or as a forerunner of despotism."

What would our readers suppose occurred that made this wonderful revelation to the editorial jackdaw away out among the Alleghenies? It was this—George H. Zeigler, Esq., late President of the Phillipsburg Hoyt Club, called a meeting the other day to form a club of Republicans who favored Gen. Grant's nomination for the Presidency. The name of the club is the "Grant Club for 1880." The meeting was held in the Armory of Co. E, and this fact alone seems to have intensified Goodlander's alarm. Ah! ha! now he has it! Hear him: "Reader! remember that this meeting is to be held at an ARMORY, a building used only by despots, and 'Company R Fifth Regiment' is to be utilized to bring about military rule. Grant has been going to school," among despoths for over two years."

We don't wonder much at the man's horror of an armory, for he had a terrible time dodging the same kind of an institution during war times. He was a rebel sympathizer and hence the horrifying recollections of a little 30 by 40 room decorated with a few unloaded muskets, known as an "armory." Then, too, the soldiery seems to be an eyesore to the Clearfield county blunderbuss. We suppose he is afraid of them now for the same reasons that he was from 1860 to 1865. That seems to be a natural conclusion.

Notwithstanding this terrible warning, Grant clubs are being organized, and if the Republican National Convention chooses to nominate the General, he will be elected. Then we shall have less fears of a despotism or the success of secession than under Tilden or any other Democrat. This would destroy Goodlander's project of being postmaster at Clearfield, and he sees it.

How to Become Bondholders.

Postmaster Johnson, of this place, has been appointed a United States Depository of public moneys at Bellefonte, under the provisions of section 3,639 Revised Statutes of the United States. Under the act of February 26th, 1879, Mr. Johnson is authorized to receive and hold moneys arising from the sale of the United States Refunding Certificates, valued at \$10 each. If a man has ten dollars to invest in United States securities, he may take it to the post-office and get one of these refunding certificates, which bears four per cent interest. This is doing a bond business on a small but safe scale. A poor man may invest his money with Uncle Sam with as much safety as the rich man. He may not be able to buy bonds of as large denominations, but he is, nevertheless, entitled to the same protection as the man who buys largely.

Mr. Johnston will have a supply of these certificates some time this week, when you are invited to become "bloated bondholders."

GENERAL GARFIELD returned to Washington last week from a trip to Ohio, and says that the Republican party of Ohio was never in such excellent condition. The people fully comprehend the pending issues in Congress. He said he thought that Secretary Sherman would make a strong candidate, but if he were in the Senate he would prefer to remain there, rather than be Governor of Ohio—the inference being that Sherman's real objective point is to succeed Thurman at the expiration of President Hayes' administration, instead of being a candidate for Governor. As for himself, General

Garfield said he had several times declined to be a candidate for Governor, as he preferred to remain in Congress.

WASHINGTON.

Special Correspondent.

May 8, 1879.

Confederate Chalmers yesterday succeeded in airing his bad reputation as the hero of the Fort Pillow massacre. He called up his resolution with the professed purpose of having a committee of investigation appointed to report on his conduct as a rebel general during the war. In reality, he merely wanted to get off a speech to magnify his importance. But he got almost enough of that speech before he got through from the reminders he received that the Republican members were pretty well posted in the infamy of Fort Pillow and other rebel atrocities. Finally, Chalmers' companions came to his rescue, and solidly voted not to allow the committee of investigation, while all the Republicans voted to give him the committee. He didn't want a committee of investigation, but he didn't make much out of his buncombe display.

The debate in the Senate for two days on the Louisiana senatorship has a good deal of political significance. The Democrats now have a majority of ten in that body, the numbers being 43 to 33. But it is probable almost to a certainty that in '81 the changes in the North may be such that this showing will be reversed, since only seven gains will have to be made to do it. The term of Senator Kellogg, of Louisiana, does not expire until 1883. Therefore, if he can be ousted to give the place to his competitor, Spofford, the Democrats will have one more majority for the Republicans to overcome. The debate seems to indicate that the majority have determined to strengthen themselves by this expedient, and that Kellogg must go. If this is done there will be but one Republican Senator left in all the South, Bruce of Mississippi. This is the first time, I believe, where a case of this kind which has been once settled by one Senate has been reopened upon a change in the political character of that body, and for no other than partisan reasons. But desperate conditions seem to justify desperate measures in the Democratic mind.

The hot haste in which the Confederates rushed through the new bill driving the civil power of the nation from the polls shows the little confidence they feel in their cause. They choked off debate and passed it under the previous question gag. The Senate will take time to discuss it, however, and the Republicans will tell the rebel brigadiers some wholesome truths about their disloyal intrigues. I observe the Democrats have renewed their confidence in the President's intention to sign some bill of this sort, but what reason is there for this confidence? This bill is just as open to objections expressed in the President's message as the other, and unless he has changed his mind he cannot accept it. The Republicans solidly oppose it, and I believe the Democratic claim of confidence is simply to keep up the courage of their adherents. It is impossible to believe that the President will sign this bill, since the Democrats refuse to admit an amendment looking in the least to the preservation of national authority to keep the peace. For men who profess so much confidence in this direction, the Confederates are taking a singular course. They are still threatening that if the President does not sign this bill they will "starve him out." If the President is open to this sort of argument of course they will succeed, but his friends don't think he is, and the probability is the Democrats must back down rather than go before the country on the starving out platform.

Hon. Wm. E. Chandler has been elected secretary of the Republican Congressional Committee. This is a choice admirable indeed, and Mr. Chandler will lead us to victory. By the way, there is a general expression of a desire to see Mr. Chandler elected U. S. Senator from New Hampshire.

—John W. Geary Post, G. A. R., of Phillipsburg intends holding a festival on the 22d, 23d and 24th of May. To get up some competition, the Post has purchased a very handsome sword, with belt and field and dress parade sheath, which will be contested for between the officers of Co. E, Phillipsburg and Co. B, Bellefonte. The outfit is now on exhibition in one of the model bookstore windows, and it is admired by all for its elaborate finish and general make-up.

—The Pinaforeites are still singing about the Queen's navel, and the extensive knob on the big front door.

Newspaper Jottings.

—It is said that Dr. Russell, of the *London Times*, will be knighted shortly.

—Rev. Charles Jaekel has resigned the editorship of Altoona's German newspaper.

—The *Columbus Democrat* has put out metropolitan airs, and appears as an eight paged paper.

—Messrs. M. M. Ballou and E. P. Whipple are editors of the new Boston paper, the *Evening Mail*.

—Oil City is arranging for a new Greenback paper. The Hon. W. C. Plummer will be the editor.

—*Town Talk* is the name of a new weekly paper at Altoona. James H. Ewing is the editor and proprietor.

—B. F. Baker, formerly an employee of the *Holidaysburg Register*, is working on the *Phoenix*, of Wilmington, Ill.

—The *Littleton News*, which floated at its masthead the names of Hendricks and Hampton for 1880, has suspended.

—The *Altoona Advance*, circulation 2,500, is a new venture by T. P. Rynder. It is a weekly, and is issued as an advertising sheet.

—Orpheus C. Kerr, who was thought to be starving to death from inability to eat, several years ago, is now editor of the *New York Mercury*.

—"Subscribers coming in at the rate of fifty a day," said an editor, and the rival paper explained that they were coming in to order their paper stopped.

—Among the fifty-six or seven members of Parliament from Ireland in the House of Commons, says the *London World*, are a half dozen practised journalists of good ability.

—A printer named James Ryan was arrested in Chicago on the 28th ult., for obtaining \$1,200 at the Corn Exchange Bank, of that city, on two checks with the forged signature of J. W. Eschenburg.

—Miss Emily Poore, daughter of Ben. Perley Poore, the oldest of newspaper correspondents in Washington, died after a long sickness. She was much esteemed for her intelligence and amiable qualities.

—The *Lancaster New Era* celebrated its second anniversary recently. The paper has been a decided success, and has made a place among the intelligent people of Lancaster county, to which it is thoroughly entitled.

—A. J. Merrill & Co. have begun the publication of the *Germantown Commercial*, an eight column paper, which will be issued every Saturday. It is independent, full of news, particularly that of local interest.

—The *Delaware County Record*, which was started a little more than a year ago, has met with success. It has just been enlarged, offering five columns additional reading matter. The *Record* is a local and general newspaper.

—The *Cincinnati Gazette* has moved out of the quarters which it had occupied for a quarter of a century into a handsome new building of its own. In commemoration of the event the proprietors issue a sixteen page paper.

—Buttercup, as a baby farmer, did not make a more grievous mistake than was made in the press-room of the *Philadelphia Record* the other morning by duplicating the third page of the paper and leaving out entirely the second page.

—Mrs. Sarah J. B. Hale, an author of the old school, but best known as the editor of *Good's Lady Book* from 1827 to 1877, died in Philadelphia on Wednesday evening. She was ninety years of age, and her writings cover a period of nearly sixty years.

—The last words uttered by M. de Villemessant, the editor of the *Paris Figure*, were: "My children, I shall be dead to-morrow, but to please you I have no objection to believe the contrary. Therefore, I hope the newspapers will no longer say I have a bad disposition."

—McPike, of the *Freeman*, is a deacon in the Catholic church, and Ed. James, of the *Herald*, a Sunday school teacher in the Disciple church, and still they are not happy unless the "devil" is hovering around their sanctuaries. Is Christianity a myth? Is civilization a failure?—*Cambridge News*.

Poetry.

BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

BY MAJOR WILLIAM A. H. SHERBURN, AUTHOR OF "BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

Beautiful child by thy mother's knee,
In the mystic future what wilt thou be?
A demon of sin, or an angel sublime—
A poison lips, or an innocent Thyme—
A spirit of evil, flashing down
With the lurid light of a fiery crown—
Or gliding up with a shining track,
Like the morning star, that n'er looks back,
Daintiest dreamer that ever smiled,
Which wilt thou be, my beautiful child?

Beautiful child in my garden bowers,
Friend of the butterflies, birds and flowers,
Pure as the sparkling, crystalline stream,
Lovers of truth in thy fairy eyes beam,
Was there ever a whiter soul than thine
Worshipped by Love in a mortal shrine?
My heart thou hast gladdened for two sweet
years

With rainbows of Hope through mist of tears—
Mists beyond which thy sunny smile
With its halo of glory beams all the while.

Beautiful child, to thy look is given
A gleam serene, not of earth, but heaven.
With thy tell tale eyes and prating tongue,
Would thou couldst ever thus be young.
Like the liquid strata of the mocking-bird
From star to star thy voice is heard,
How oft in the garden's nook thy feet
With flowers thy curly head around!
And, kneeling beside me with figure so quaint,
Oh! who would not dote on my infant saint?

Beautiful child, what thy fate shall be
Perchance is wisely hidden from me,
A fallen star thou mayest leave my side,
And of sorrow and shame become the bride—
Shivering quivering through the cold street,
With a curse behind and before thy feet—
Ashamed to live and afraid to die!
No home, no friend and a pillowless night,
Merciful Father, my brain goes wild!
Oh, keep from evil my beautiful child!

Beautiful child, mayest thou soar above,
A warbling cherub of joy and love,
A drop on Eternity's mighty sea,
A blossom on Life's immortal tree—
Floating, floating evermore
In the blessed light of the golden shore;
And as I gaze on thy sinless bloom
And thy radiant face, thy diadem of gloom—
I feel I will keep thee undimmed,
And his love protect my beautiful child.

WREATH OF ROSES.

What so lovely as the roses
Blooming in the verdant dale?
As each fragrant bud unfolds
Our mingles with the gale;
Like the spring of life—redolent
With the sweets of early joys,
And each hour of bliss so pleasant
No corroding care annoys.

Love will twine a wreath of pleasure,
Pearly with the fragrant dew,
Like a lovely, brilliant treasure
Will that beautiful wreath renew.
With her gems of sweetest flowers
Deck the brow of bright array,
Fading gently with the hours,
Soon they all will pass away.

Soon our years of joy are shaded
In oblivion's early gloom;
And the brightest flowers faded
Ere the noon of day has come.
Let no voice be heard in sorrow,
Nor a tear be shed in vain,
For the coming of the morrow
May restore life's joys again.

Yet the heart will ponder ever
O'er the varied scenes of life,
But the cheerful soul will never
Condescend to nurture strife.
Mirthful spirits will be cheery
Gay with nature's pure delight,
And to you whose heart is weary,
Keep the wreath of roses bright.

—Waverley Magazine.

Our Story Teller.

Put Yourself in Her Place.

The long summer day had crept slowly away, and it was nearly five o'clock. The hours at the railway station were marked as by some gigantic clock that told the laggard minutes by screaming whistle and clanging bell. The 4:30 accommodation had gone east, the west express due here 4:55, had thundered through the village, gone on over the great viaduct, and disappeared round the vast curve beyond.

So one counted the hours by the trains. Lydia by name, a girl of the best New England type, quiet, and yet with an immense capacity for doing and daring, should love and the occasion command. The local freight would come next and then—then she would see him again.

She laid aside her work, put some split zephyr vanity upon her head and went out towards the railroad. As she approached the station she saw her brother, the station master, opening a little freight house on the farther side of the track. By this she knew the local freight would stop this time. He heart beat the faster as she quickened her step.

On reaching the passenger station where the village street crossed the railway, she looked up and down the line and then crossed over and turned to the left and walked beside the track toward the freight house.

To understand all that took place on this occasion, and to fully appreciate her consummate skill in controlling the event so quickly to crowd upon her, we must study the construction of the road at this point. The Main Line for more than a mile to the right, or towards the east, was perfectly straight and comparatively level. To the left, or the west, it crossed a deep valley by a lofty stone viaduct, and beyond the valley it curved toward the north and mounted the hill by long grade.

Just east of the passenger station a branch road entered the Main Line and there was, as supposed, a cross-over switch. Beyond the passenger station, on the west, was a short siding ending in a small freight house and directly opposite was another siding with a freight shed and coal yard.

Lydia was on past the freight house, and, crossing the side track, found a large flat rock beside the way, and there, under the shade of an ancient apple tree, she sat down to wait till her lover should come.

He comes! she heard the three long whistles sounding far down the line, and a bright blush mounted her face. The train would stop. That was the signal for the station master. Her brother came out of the freight house spoke pleasantly to her, and then walked on toward the switch at the head of the siding.

Suddenly the Main Line track before her began to sing in sharp metallic murmurs. The train had en-

tered that section of the road and he was near. Then there came the sound of escaping steam. The engine was moving slowly down and the steam, no longer employed, was bursting with a loud roar from the safety valve as if impatient of delay.

With a jar that shook the ground the immense freight engine rolled past her, and the engineer, leaning out of his window, nodded to her as he slid past. Then the cars in long procession came into sight and moved past with slowly decreasing speed. Four brakemen busy at the brakes went past and still he came not. At last the rear car appeared, and a young man swung himself down from the iron ladder on the car and sprang to the ground at her feet.

A sooty man, clad in blue canvas now black with smoke and dust. Only a brakeman! No; a trifle better—the conductor of the freight train. A year ago he had been glad to take the place of a brakeman, and already he has been promoted. Love did it. He had met and loved Lydia in the days of his foolish idleness, and she had insisted that he do some manly work or she could not love him. —yes, could and did not love him; but he must show himself worthy her love. Already he had advanced, and she was well pleased with his progress, and they had become engaged.

A grim, dusty man in lovely garments; but, in her eyes, he was a man made for better things. As he stood beside her one could see in his eyes and sensible face that he had good stuff in him and was worthy of her love.

It becomes us not to linger while they talk quietly together beside the track. The train moved slower and slower till, finally, it stopped with the last car just beyond the switch. The iron horse was moved on, the station master signaled with his arms, in a curious fashion, and each of the brakemen repeated the motion in turn. White puffs of steam rose high in the air from the farther end of the train, and the last car backed down, turned aside, and entering the siding. The station master left the switch and came hastily towards the lovers.

"Good day, Alfred. Light freight to-day, only one car—by the way, the brake chain is broken, you had better drop the car at the repair shops. The freight can be thrown out without leaving the car."

So saying, the station master went on into the freight house followed by the rattling and rumbling cars. They gradually lost their speed and then came to a stop with the end of the train lost in the black cavern of the freight house. There was a shout from the building and then one of the brakemen began to move his arms as a signal to go on. Again the white puffs of the steam shot up in the distance and with a jar and quiver the train started again.

Car after car rolled past them. There were hurried whispers, a warm hand shake and perhaps a kiss, and then the young man sprang forward, grasped the ladder on the last car, climbed quickly to the top and sat down. She stood gazing after him as he was drawn away from her, and smiled and waved farewell to him with her handkerchief.

"Here, Lydia, you must help me." It was her brother who stood beside her with a bunch of keys in his hand.

"The passenger train follows this at once and I must go to the station. Will you please close the switch after them?"

She took the key mechanically, and then turned again to gaze after her lover seated on the last car of the retreating train. It had passed out of the switch and was crossing the great viaduct and moving more and more swiftly away.

To close and lock the switch was neither difficult or dangerous, and she quietly walked on toward the end of the siding till she came to the switch post. Here she leaned against the wooden frame for a little space, shading her eyes from the sun with her hand and watching the train. It had run around the valley and was turning into the great curve that crept upward in a long grade over the hill beyond.

It was now a mile away and she could no longer distinguish any one on the cars. She turned slowly away, seized the iron bar of the switch and easily threw it over into place so as to leave the main line open for the next train.

She looked back down the road and saw that the passenger train had entered the line from the branch and was just pulling up at the station to discharge passengers. It may seem surprising that a passenger train should be allowed to follow a freight train so closely.

Bad engineering as this arrangement was, it was so not serious as it seemed, for this passenger train did not follow the freight except for three miles, when it reached the end of its trip and was turned off upon a siding.

She turned once more to look after the retreating freight train. It was in full view climbing the grade on the great curve.

Suddenly she put up both hands to shade her eyes, and leaned forward on the switch frame. What had happened? Two tiny puffs of steam rose from the engine. It was standing alone on the track.

No. It was moving backward. It was beginning to roll down the grade. It was moving faster and faster. There was a man upon it—her lover.

Involuntarily she spread out her arms and let them fall to her side three or four times in succession—the signal to put on the brakes.

"How foolish! He cannot see me, and—" She leaned against the switch frame and shook with fear and agony.

The brake was broken. Swift and swifter rolled the disabled car. It was coming down the track gaining speed at every rod.

She sprang to the middle of the track and tried to shout to the engineer of the train at the station. She made the motions to back down out of danger. Her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, and her cry became an inarticulate groan.

Onward came the car. She could see her lover upon it frantically waving his arms from right to left. What did it mean? Her brain seemed to be on fire. She could do nothing, but gaze on the advancing car in dumb horror.

Ah! The passengers! Could she not save them?

With a violent wrench she opened the switch again and stood holding the bar in both hands. Better so—better one life lost than a dozen. Her feet seemed bolted to the ground. She must stay and see him killed, and by her own hand.

Ah! why had she not thought of it before?

The cross-over switch! Could she reach it in time she might save him. She snatched the key from the switch and ran with frantic speed up the line. She never knew how she opened that switch.

With moans and cries she threw herself across the line and began to run down the other side. Could she reach that switch before the car? Its roaring rang in her ears. Panting, with almost bursting bosom, she reached the switch, opened it and stood clinging to it as the car came thundering over the viaduct.

She looked up at her lover upon the car. He had seen and understood the change in the switches. His car, helpless though as it was, would pass over to the down track, and roll harmlessly along the level line till its force was spent. He was saved, and by her ready wit and skill, the passengers in the train were also saved.

She had saved him. Love had been her inspiration.

Great heavens! what's that? The express! The down express was coming!

All was in vain. He was lost. She saw him throw up his arms in despair. The very plan she devised to save him would be his destruction. Better far to have thrown him off the siding as she intended. Now he would meet a more dreadful death, and the destruction would include scores of lives instead of a dozen.

All this flashed through her mind like lightning. She felt her knees give way beneath her, and she clung to the switch in despair. She shut her eyes to hide the coming disaster.

Hark! The whistle on the express. They had seen the imminent collision, and were doing their best to avert it.

She, too, must do something. With a bound she sprang to the next switch, tore it open, and stood panting and moaning beside it with the bar in her hand. She must save the train even if she buried her lover under the splintered wreck of her car.

Onward came the car, thundering over the viaduct and just ahead of the train. It turned quickly at the switch, crossed over and shot past her into the siding. He had old look at her upturned face. It was full of love and helpless misery. She was sending him to certain destruction—to save the express train.

The instant the car passed she closed the switch and sprang back again to the other switch and closed it just in time to see the express train sweep past in safety.

In an instant the helpless car ran into the freight house with an awful splintering crash. The express pulled up opposite the station, and in a moment a crowd of people ran shouting and frantic up the line. Some of them had seen the whole performance and knew what it meant but for the majority of them it was a tragic mystery.

They found Lydia upon the ground by the switch, and with the keys still clutched in her hand. What had she done? What had happened to her?

She could not answer. Nature had mercifully taken away her senses. They took her up tenderly and carried her to the station, and laid her upon a seat in the waiting room. The passengers of the two trains crowded the room and offered every aid, for in some vague manner they began to understand that she was the creditor to the value of all their lives. She had paid for their safety with costly sacrifice.

The freight train backed down to the cross-over switch, and the engineers of the three trains met and began to examine the position of the switches. A number of men also came from the express train, and among them one who seemed in authority. He, too, examined the line carefully, and the engineers explained the matter to him and listened to his remarks with becoming deference.

The little room in the station was packed with people, idlers and others, and they could with difficulty bring him in.

"No," said one of the ladies who was trying to restore the girl; "it may be too great a shock for her. She must not see him yet."

"Make way there, gentlemen. The Superintendent of the road is here."

The crowd moved slightly, and the Superintendent advanced into the room. He took off his hat and spoke, quietly to the people near, and then stooped over the unconscious girl and softly kissed her like a father.

"She saved all our lives, and I fear she thinks she paid dearly for them." Suddenly she opened her eyes and sat up bewildered.

"Where is he? Is he much hurt?"

"Oh! Perhaps he is."

"Let me alone, I tell you," cried a big, bold voice in the crowd; "I must go to her."

He escaped from those who would detain him, and in a moment was beside her.

Some of the people laughed in foolish joy, others cried. The more and delicately sensible were silent, for the meeting was not for words or description.

After a slight pause the superintendent said to the young man: "I congratulate you, sir. You were on the car?"

"Yes, sir. I was on the car and I saved myself at the last moment by jumping off. I landed on a pile of fine coal, and got a rough tumble and that was all. The car is a heap of splinters."

Then the superintendent called the young man nearer to him and spoke to him privately, and presently they both shook hands as if greatly pleased over something. The young man sat down beside the girl and whispered something in her ear.

"I've got the place, Lydia. We're all right now."

Then the bells rang, and the people began to disperse toward their trains, so they departed, a small creature—probably a stock holder—objected to the proceedings, and remarked to the superintendent that "it was not best to give fat offices to brakemen for doing nothing."

"Precisely," said the superintendent. "But the woman did something, and if you wish to know the full measure of her splendid deed, go put yourself in her place."

The Brooklyn Marvel.

Many people, doubtless, who read in yesterday's *Times* the extraordinary account, taken from the *New York Herald*, of Mary Fancher, the Brooklyn girl who has lived fourteen years without food, were inclined to set it down as a Munchausenism. The topic chanced to come up yesterday, in the presence of a reporter of the *Times*, and Mr. Tanner, of the Tremont House restaurant. The latter gentleman at once vouched for the truth of the story.

He lived in Brooklyn several years ago and the facts of the case were well known to him. He was well acquainted with both the girl's physician, and pastor, and both had assured that there could be no deception about it. The former, in particular, had taken special pains to find out whether there could be any trick about the case and had become fully convinced that there was not.

He had made it a point to go in there at unexpected and unreasonable hours and had never discovered any evidence that she had been eating, even though he had administered emetics for the purpose. Besides, there is no reason for any pretense, as the family are in comfortable circumstances and had no desire to make a show of the girl. On the contrary, they kept it as secret as possible.

Mr. Tanner saw the girl himself about ten years ago. The right arm had permanently stiffened in the position of holding the arm under the head as she lay on her back. Her left thumb was drawn across the palm of the hand, so that all the fancy work of worsteds and of wax which she made was done with the fingers of that hand alone.

The most remarkable thing about her, though, was her clairvoyance. She could tell at any time where the gentleman to whom she was engaged was, and what he was doing. She would frequently trace him from block to block, on his way to visit her, tell with whom he stopped to talk on the way, and relate the substance of the conversation. Her mother, with whom she lived at the time, occasionally received letters from friends stating that at such or such a time they had been strongly impressed by thoughts of her daughter; to be holding a mental conversation with them.

All these cases could be referred back directly to occasions when the girl had said she was going to visit these people—not in person, of course, but in spirit, or will. From this it would appear that she has not only the ability to divine the thoughts of others, but, by a kind of mesmerism, to communicate thoughts to the minds of others at a distance from her.—*Chicago Times*.

A Man Who Foretold His Death.

A singular death occurred out on the Mr. Ida road, ten miles from town several days ago. A farmer, whose name we were unable to learn, predicted that he would die on a certain day. His friends, and particularly his wife, remonstrated with him, assuring him that he had no foundation for such a belief. He disregarded all entreaty, however, clinging with peculiar, almost obstinate, tenacity to his belief in his death on the day predicted.

After a time he seemed to forget, or rather disregard, his peculiar notion, and his friends thought no more concerning the prediction, only wondering why the man should assume the role of a death-telling prophet. Finally, the day on which the man said he should die arrived. No change occurred in his physical condition, but he began working as usual. About eleven o'clock he entered the house and remarked to his wife that he felt sick and complained that his feet were cold. Pulling off his shoes he sat by the fire and held out his feet. Turning to his wife, he said: "I am going to die, just as I told you."

His wife begged him not to speak so, but he persisted in his belief. "I am dying now," he said.

"Death has begun at my feet, and is creeping toward my head." The woman assisted him to the bed. Undressing, he lay down, and when his wife went out and returned with an armful of wood he was dead.

It was a bald-headed clergyman who took for his text, "The hairs of our head are all numbered."

Fiendish Fanatics.

A Crime which Horrifies a New England Community—A Sleeping Child Murdered by Its Parents after cool Deliberation—Story of the Tragedy.

A most horrible tragedy occurred on Thursday, May 1, at Pocasset, a small village on Cape Cod, Mass. Charles F. Freeman, a farmer thirty-five years old, and a resident of Pocasset for seven years, had two daughters, Edith aged five, and another two years older. He is a Second Adventist, and became greatly excited during the last few days through attending a series of revival meetings. "About a week ago he claimed to have received a 'wonderful revelation,' and has not eaten or slept since. At 2 o'clock on Thursday morning Freeman arose and told his wife that the Lord had asked him to kill Edith. He then went to his shop near the house and brought back a knife, with which he killed the child while asleep in bed with her elder sister. He says the Lord directed him to sacrifice the daughter, and declared that she would rise again on the third day. The child's blood was poured out upon a table improvised as an altar. After accomplishing the deed, he sent word to the advent brethren that he had received a revelation which he would explain in the afternoon. Nothing was known of the affair until the society assembled at the house, when Freeman told them he had done the deed 'by commandment of the Lord, and the Lord would raise her again.' The strangest part of the affair is that those who went to the house in the afternoon of the next day should have kept the matter secret, nearly all of them being so under the influence of the faith that they are trying to shield Freeman. The resident selectman of the village did not learn of the affair until Thursday night at 12 o'clock. Freeman's wife is equally fanatical, and was accessory. The deed was accompanied with what was intended to be an impressive religious ceremony.

FURTHER DETAILS.

Further details of the terrible tragedy reveal more fully its enormity. It is almost incredible that in the nineteenth century, and among civilized people, religious fanaticism should have inspired a crime whose horrors all attempts fail to exaggerate. New England, at least, will search in vain for a parallel case. The man has been secured and gives his statement in a cool, earnest manner. He says that for ten days he has heard the Lord demanding the life of one of his children. On Wednesday night the two girls went to bed as usual, and the father says they never seemed so dear as when they kissed him good night. Freeman and wife also went to sleep, but at 12 o'clock awakened with a strong impression that they must sacrifice the youngest daughter. They talked the matter over and both agreed to the sacrifice. Then they knelt down and prayed, and not receiving any answer, concluded to complete the sacrifice. The father says he hoped his hand would be stayed, at the last moment, as was that of Abraham when about to slay Isaac. The man dressed, singing praises the while, went to the out-house, secured a sheath knife, and, accompanied by his wife, with a light, went to the chamber where the children were sleeping, drew down the coverlid, and stabbed the youngest child in the left side, under the heart. The child awoke, and cried: "Oh! papa," and died in his father's arm. After the child's death the father lay in bed with the body till morning, when he went about his work joyfully. During the forenoon he invited his advent friends to the house, and in the afternoon some thirty assembled there, when he made known the facts of his supposed revelation. On invitation they all then viewed the remains in another room, and, incredible as it may seem, made no effort to tell to the authorities what they had seen.

Freeman and his wife were both arrested and taken to jail at Barnstable. On his way to jail he told the story of his tragedy with a calmness and trust in his justification that simply started the bystanders. "You know," he said, "that I had a revelation about a week ago in which the Lord appeared to me and told me to kill one of my family and offer it as a sacrifice. Well, He did not say what one, but on Thursday morning, on awaking from a sound sleep, some time about 2 o'clock, the Lord appeared to me and informed me that the victim of my sacrifice was my pet, my idol, my baby Edith. I awoke my wife and we talked the matter over and prayed to the Lord for guidance and direction, that if it was God's will that the cup might pass from me, and ended by saying, 'God's will be done. The Lord said that it was necessary, and so I arose, went out of doors to my shop and got a sheath knife. I then came in, and placing the lamp on the chair near the bed I drew back the clothes, raised my hand to strike the fatal blow, fully convinced that the Lord would stay my hand as He did with Abraham when about to offer up his son Isaac; but He did not, and the knife descended.'

"My darling turned as the knife struck her, and lifting her hands and opening her eyes, said, 'Oh, papa! My oldest child awoke just as her little sister was about to be slain, and I sent her to her mother's room. I struck the deadly blow as tenderly as I could, and the little one died with the light of heaven on her face. I then took the bleeding child in my arms and wept bitterly. I lay down with it in bed. It seemed as if God had forsaken me as he did Jesus on the cross. I prayed and wept bitterly, and in the morning felt gloriously. God rewarded my soul was

light, and I went to the depot at peace with God and all the world. I notified the selectmen and constables to be present at the meeting in the afternoon but none came."

"Do you expect to hang for it?"

"No," answered Freeman, "God has commanded me to thus rudely awaken the world from its present condition, and God will justify his servant. If it had been my wife or the other child I would have done the same. I begged God to take my life; but that was not to be. I loved the child better than myself."

"You don't feel uneasy at going to jail?"

"No, not at all; why should I?"

He said further that he was a second Abraham, and the feeling gave him great delight. He loved his child better than himself, and expected the heavens to fall rather than he would be permitted to kill his dear one. He related the circumstances of the horrible deed, substantially stated above, and Mrs. Freeman gazed rapturously on her husband as he recited the terrible tale and corroborated his statements regarding his belief in this gospel.

As he expounded his views he became very enthusiastic, finally getting on his knees on the seat and facing the back of the car before many who knew who he was, and was soon addressing the half hundred passengers in the car. He said in the course of his remarks, "either the child will be raised from the dead in three days or she will be translated bodily to heaven." In his talk he exhibited great familiarity with both the Old and the New Testament.

The scenes at the funeral of little Edith on Sunday greatly aggravated the people. Freeman had asserted with great confidence that God would raise Edith to life on Sunday. His wife, at her preliminary hearing on Friday, fixed her great blue eyes on Justice Hopkins and said, as he expresses it, with an almost seraphic expression on her face, that she was certain that God would reveal himself. Their belief was firmly shared by the other Second Adventists. Mr. Davis, the undertaker at Pocasset, into whose charge the medical examiner gave the body of Edith, is one of the number. He believed that Edith would be raised from the dead or else translated. So did the others. They were certain that there was to be a physical manifestation of some kind, and rather inclined to the opinion that she would arise from her coffin while the funeral services were going on. Freeman and his wife were in the barn which is temporarily used for a jail in Barnstable, eighteen miles from Pocasset. Freeman's cell appears to have been the stall of a horse. It is boarded up and iron bars are nailed to the window. His wife was placed in a room that has been partitioned off in the loft. These with one other so-called cell constitute the jail accommodations at present. Freeman paced his cell all day on Sunday. He was without question expecting assurance that the girl had been restored. He asked for a Bible, but was told it would be better for him to desist from reading the Scriptures. His wife sat quietly in her cell all day. She manifested no emotion. Once in a while she peered through the little hole in the door out upon Massachusetts Bay. She asked for nothing to read, and seemed quite contented and entirely rational. She talked freely about her older daughter, Bessie, and begged that the little girl might not be told of the act of the father, because she would not understand it.

The day passed, and Freeman retired at night confessedly a little disappointed that he had not received assurances that his daughter had been raised from the dead. He went to bed and slept soundly, as did Mrs. Freeman. The Second Advent people at Pocasset, however, were more or less disturbed because the promised resurrection did not take place. They attended the funeral, which the Rev. Mr. Williams conducted until he was interrupted by Mr. Davis, the undertaker. Mr. Davis, as the coffin was opened at the grave, and while the face of little Edith was exposed to view, began a defence, not so much of Mr. Freeman's act as of his motive. He said he knew that Freeman was actuated by the highest and purest motives.

"He is a murderer," said one of the spectators.

"No, he is no murderer; he is proving his faith in God," replied Davis.

"Oh, this must stop," the Rev. Mr. Williams said, and Davis replied that he had the right to speak because the body was put in his charge by the medical examiner, and only force could stop him.

Thereupon the brother of Freeman, an intelligent shoemaker of Natick, who came here as soon as he heard of the murder, stepped forward. His eyes were bloodshot, for he had not slept for two nights, and he was haggard, because he had eaten nothing except a piece of bread and drank a cup of tea during the same time. "I shall use force if this does not stop. It is awful. Permit the child to be buried in peace." Davis saw that Freeman was determined, and, standing over the open coffin, he quietly announced that the Second Adventists would hold a camp-meeting in that vicinity in June. Then he shut the lid, and the coffin was lowered into a very shallow grave. Mr. Freeman heard that there might be an attempt to take the body from the grave at night, so that it might be announced that it had been translated, and he watched by the grave all night.

Davis, who seems to have taken the leadership of the sect since Freeman's arrest, simply says about the expected and non-fulfilled resurrec-

Additional Local Matters.

—A Gypsy encampment was pitched in the woods between Spring Mills and Millheim last week. They were coming to Bellefonte to jockey.

—Bunell & Aikens, of this place, put the new organ into the Episcopal church. As in every case, these gentlemen gave satisfaction. Members of the church express themselves as highly delighted with the new instrument.

—Newman keeps an exclusive clothing and merchant tailoring store. He pays his whole attention to that one branch of business and studies the wants of his customers carefully, so as to be able to deal square and honorable with everybody.

Lastly, he says that from the above everybody can see that he can and surely will undersell all mixed stores, that sell a little of everything, and are under large expenses. Call on Newman and make your purchases, and you will find that his motto is: Honest and square dealing, the best of goods at the very lowest figures. 20

—Rev. Crittenden, Sunday-school Missionary, returned last week from his labors in the upper counties of the State. In reply to the question as to how he succeeded, he said: "We always succeed imperfectly, ever leaving room for improvement." Don't you meet with some discouragements? Plenty of them; but we stop for none. Otherwise we could never establish Sunday-schools in communities where people have had no religious meetings of any kind for years, and have been to other places for such meetings. Several times this season the nearest superintendent we could find for such places, lives five miles distant."

—Ida M. Cleaver, a colored girl, who says that she is either eleven or thirteen years old, was arrested by officer Montgomery on Saturday evening and put in the lock-up for appearing in public dressed in male attire. The officer's attention was directed to an unusual noise in the vicinity of Brown's coal yard, and upon going to that place found the girl endeavoring to elude capture by a crowd of boys. About 9 o'clock she was given a hearing before Chief Burgess Hastings, who sent her to jail for forty-eight hours. The Burgess' court was crowded with a great throng to see the girl, who is said to resemble the Atlee children exhibited in this country some time ago.

—Look at these goods at Newman's—summer caps five cents each. White shirts, linen bosoms and cuffs, 50 cts. each. The finest, largest and cheapest line of dusters in town at Newman's. 20-tf

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Astronomy at Unionville.

Mr. Editor:—On Wednesday evening, April 30th, our fellow townsman, Rev. W. W. Campbell, delivered an astronomical lecture in the Methodist church of this place. He was supplied with an orrery, diagrams, etc., which served to illustrate and make a lecture of this nature interesting and instructive. The speaker's lecture was prefaced with a short history of the science—of the laws by which our heavenly bodies are governed, as viewed by the ancients, and showed how correct some of them were in their calculations, even at that remote period when the facilities for improvement were rare; when heathen governments and oriental customs bid them defiance.

We are sorry that our citizens generally did not turn out to hear a discourse so beneficial, especially to the rising generation. As it was, quite an appreciative little audience greeted him. We hope he will repeat, at an early day, his lecture with such variations as he may deem advisable, and at which time we hope to see the church crowded. We should all feel deeply interested in a science so wonderful—one which treats of the celestial bodies; their magnitudes, revolutions, distances, etc. Even to reflect upon this great, grand subject should make us cognizant of our insignificance and nothingness. Well might Rev. Campbell say with Shakespeare: "Not from the stars do I my judgments take; Yet methinks I have Astronomy!" Unionville, May 3. VERITAS.

Dr. Van Dyke's Sulphur Soap.

Dr. VAN DYKE, whose life long speciality, and world-wide reputation for curing Skin Diseases, has endeavored for years to combine an EXTERNAL TREATMENT. He has accomplished this desirable result in the preparation of his compound "SULPHUR SOAP," the merits of which is spoken of by thousands; it is highly recommended to all our readers. Price, 25 cts., by mail, 35 cts. a box; 3 cakes, 60 cts., by mail, 75 cts. Office, 50 North 5th St. Wholesale Depot, 400 N. 2d St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all Druggists. 9-27-15-20w

New Advertisements.

EXECUTORS NOTICE.—Whereas, letters testamentary have been granted to the undersigned upon the estate of Samuel P. Warner, deceased, late of Taylor township, Centre county, notice is hereby given to all persons owing said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate to present the same, duly authenticated, to J. G. GANOR, Executor. 20-6t

BENSON'S CAPSICUM. See that each plaster has the word "CAPSICUM" cut through it, and insist on having no other. Ask your own physician as to its merits over all other. 20-4t

New Advertisements.—Dry Goods.

HEAD-QUARTERS FOR THE LOWEST PRICES, AT THE BEEHIVE ONE PRICE EXCLUSIVE DRY GOODS STORE.

And no one can dispute the fact that it is the place for bargains. I wish to call the public's attention to my DRESS GOODS AND SILK DEPARTMENTS,

which I can safely say are the largest, cheapest, and most complete stock in the county. Look at these prices and judge for yourself:
SUMMER SUITINGS..... From 5 Cents per Yard Up
MATALASSE SUITINGS..... From 10 Cents per Yard Up
ALPACA, Black and Colored..... From 12½ Cents per Yard Up
CASHMERE, Black and Colored..... From 20 Cents per Yard Up
CASHMERES, Black and Colored, 1 Yard Wide..... From 35 Cents per Yard Up

And a full line of novelties in Dress Goods, Black Dress Silks in all qualities, Colored Dress Silks in all shades, and an elegant assortment of Lawns. It needs no argument to convince the public that an exclusive store has a great many advantages over a general merchandise store. An early call is solicited, and I will be able to prove the above.

RESPECTFULLY YOURS,

J. H. BAULAND.

12-tf My Motto is One Price, and the Very Lowest; the Best of Goods and no Misrepresentations.

New Advertisements.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.—The firm of Wolfe, Potter & Co., at Snow Shoe, is this day dissolved by mutual consent of all parties. The books of the firm will be left at the office of Somerville, Crider & Co. for settlement. John A. Wolfe, a member of the old firm, will be there to attend to the business of settling all accounts. WOLFE, POTTER & CO. Snow Shoe, May 1, 1879.

NOTE.—The business will be continued at the old stand by John S. Somerville & Son and P. B. Crider & Son, under the firm name of Somerville, Crider & Co. 19-3t

LETTING.—Proposals for building stone abutments for a bridge across the Bald Eagle Creek at Milesburg, will be received by the county commissioners until 12 o'clock M., June 2nd, 1879. Specifications can be seen at their office in Bellefonte, Pa. The contract to be let to the lowest responsible bidder. The commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

ANDREW GREGG, GEO. SWAB, J. DUNKLE, Commissioners. 19-4w

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR PARDON. Notice is hereby given that application will be made at the next regular meeting of the Board of Pardoners for the pardon of Charles Miller, convicted of assault and battery at the January sessions last.

JNO. G. LOVE, Att'y for Charles Miller. 19-3t

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the planing mill firm of Laird, Fouts & Bartley is hereby dissolved by mutual consent. The books of the firm have been left in the hands of Messrs. H. W. Fouts and D. Bartley for settlement.

LAIRD, FOUTS & BARTLEY, Bellefonte, Pa., May 1, 1879.

The business will be continued at the same place by the undersigned. H. W. FOUTS.

EXECUTORS NOTICE.—Whereas, letters testamentary have been granted to the undersigned upon the estate of Henry Pennington, deceased, late of Patton township, Centre county, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate to present the same to J. S. FREDERICKS, Fleming, P. O., James Crest, Filmore, P. O.

April 25, 1879. 18-6t Executors. J. S. FREDERICKS, Fleming, P. O., James Crest, Filmore, P. O.

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest-selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Price reduced 33 per cent. National Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa. 19-4w

COLUMBIA HOUSE, Nos. 111 and 113 N. 11th Street (above Arch) PHILADELPHIA.

Opposite Academy of Fine Arts, three squares from Academy of Music, one square from Public Buildings and Masonic Temple. 18-3t JOEL HUTCHIN, Proprietor.

NATIONAL LIFE. is the title of a new Pamphlet, of 72 pages. It contains the biography of all the Presidents of the United States from Washington to Hayes with their portraits (24 in all) engraved expressly for this work, also 12 portraits of Canadian notabilities. The National Life will be sent to any address by mail, on receipt of a cent stamp. Address, H. R. SWEENEY, Boston, Mass. 10-4t

Kansas Farms. Improved Farms for sale at

LOW PRICES, and unimproved railroad lands for sale cheap on long credit, by the general western emigration and real estate agency of the undersigned. Reliable information "how to go and where to go west," the best railroads to travel on at low rates of fare. Maps of lands furnished on personal application or by letter, including stamp, to WM. SHORTLIDGE, Bellefonte, Pa. 17-3m

LYON & CO.
LYON & CO.

For the purpose of changing our business, we will offer our entire stock of goods at cost, and a great many goods that we have—a larger stock than we like—we shall sell BELOW COST. This is a chance to buy goods from 20 to 30 per cent. cheaper than ever offered before.

CLOTHING.

OUR STOCK is full and complete in every line, and a great many goods that we have received for the Spring Trade, which we purchased before we contemplated changing our business, will also be sold AT COST.

THE KEYSTONE STORE,

Reynolds' Opera House,
ALLEGHENY STREET,

Grand Opening,
April 1st,
1879.

Fancy Goods Department.
Cashmeres, Black Silks, Summer Silks, Alpaca, Brocade Silks, Corded Dress Goods, Diagonals, and Merinos, Broge Shawls, and all colors, Summer Shawls, Cheap.

Notion Department.
Ladies' and Gents' Kid Gloves, Silk Handkerchiefs, Corsets, Light and Colored, Ladies' and Gents' Hose, Dress Buttons, Fringes, Ladies' Ties, Collars and Cuffs.

Clothing Department.
Collars, Hats and Caps, Boots, Shoes, White Shirts, Suspenders, and all kinds of Mens' Youths', Boys' and Childrens' Clothing and Underwear.

Carpet Department.
Fine Tapestries, Brussels, Dobson's, Ingrain, Philadelphia, Raggs, and all other styles of Carpet.

CARPETS A SPECIALTY.
I. GUGGENHEIMER & CO., PROPRIETORS.

ARE SELLING OFF THEIR STOCK
ARE SELLING OFF THEIR STOCK
AT COST!
AT COST!

LOOK AT THESE UNPARALLELED BARGAINS:

We have 200 dozen of Full regular made Children's Hose, worth from \$5 to \$7 per dozen, which we have placed on our counters at..... 10 CENTS PER PAIR

2,500 yards of Embroidery..... AT COST

Large line of Towels and Napkins..... AT COST

Largest stock of Corsets in the Country..... AT COST

1, 2, 3 and 4 Button Kid Gloves, just received..... AT COST

10,000 yards of Linen, Torchon, Valenciennes, Russian and Collar faces and Insertings..... AT COST

500 gross of Pearl, Vegetable, Ivory and Silk Dress Buttons, best quality..... AT COST

Large line of Irish Linens, bought at bankrupt sale last fall..... AT COST

Large line of Curtain Laces, all new designs..... AT COST

Rachings, Ruffings—our entire stock of Dress Goods..... AT COST

Ladies' Coats, Spring Shawls, Black and Colored Silks..... AT COST

WE CALL PARTICULAR ATTENTION TO OUR FINE STOCK OF MEN'S, YOUTHS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING, AT COST.

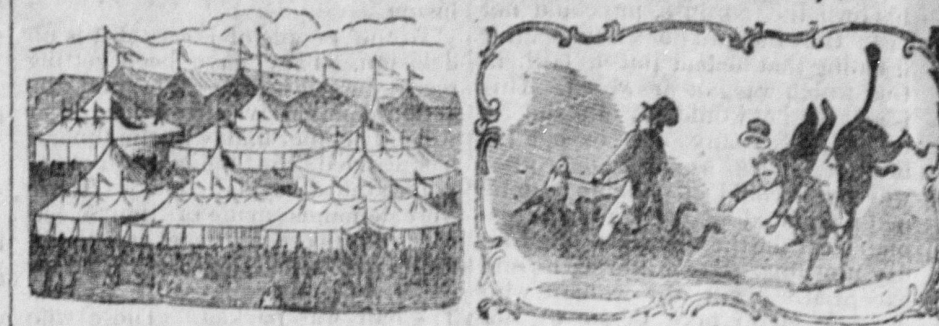
LYON & CO

Amusements.—Circus and Menagerie.

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BELLEFONTE, PA.

Farm and Fireside.

Value of Soiling.

As soiling is a new departure in farming, and a source of large income to some who have adopted it, we add the essay of Willis R. Hazard, and other information that was presented at the recent meeting of the Chadd's Ford Club. Mr. Hazard concludes that farmers can adopt the new system readily since the introduction of the use of Hungarian grass and the millets and the growing of corn and green grass as a foot equaling that of grass. As to the profit of soiling, if a herd can be increased say from twenty to one hundred cows with a little expense, and labor surely the yield of the increased herd must pay larger in proportion than the smaller herd. In the olden time stock was herded, as population increased fences were introduced. When it was discovered that grasses could be grown upon the uplands, and Judge Peters and others introduced clover, more cattle were kept, and thus the practice of allowing cattle to range over, tramp and despoil twice as much as they would eat became permanent. In early days four and five hundred acres constituted farms. Now farms of one hundred acres are usual. Selling our butter from twelve to twenty cents, and our milk for two cents, and dearer modes of living, and the West as a competitor, the question arises what is to be done to make the farm pay? The only chance is to produce more. Our soils being pliable, dry, warm and porous, seem by nature fitted for soiling. It is not a soil to endure the tramping of a herd of cattle pressing down the grass, and hold its herbage against the constant attack of their teeth and hoofs. Sixty-six per cent. of our gross crop is thus destroyed, which will go far to effect the expense of soiling. In the adoption of this system where one crop is returned under the old plan, two or three crops must follow the new. There will be extra expense undoubtedly, but extra receipts must outweigh the expense. Rye, oats, corn, clover, millet, Hungarian grass can be relied on for soiling in summer, and for winter feeding hay, fodder, corn, bran, roots and green fodder preserved by the French system of ensilage.

The following rotation of crops was given by R. W. Hannum, who keeps sixty head of stock on 100 acres. After the corn in the fall, rye, well manured, sowing three bushels per acre and sowing at different periods three weeks apart until freezing. This is fed in April. The first spring crop oats, then corn; plan of feeding, first rye, second clover and orchard grass, third oats, fourth green corn. Cows are kept in stanchions twenty out of twenty-four hours. The cows are fed all they will eat. Green oats is the best crop for soiling. Cows do not relish Hungarian grass when green. Bran and beets are too much alike in their nature and make the milk thinner. Beets and corn or corn and turnips make the milk richer. All roots answer better with corn meal. Cows are kept stabled except four hours in the day. They prefer the stable especially in fly time. In warm summer nights they are let out. Since commencing the soiling system, Mr. Hannum has never lost a cow, but has increased his herd from 20 to 30. During the dry spell, three years ago, fed steers off of 1/2 acres of sowed corn, these gained one pound to every half pound of those fed in the pasture.

Good Horses—Poor Roads.

Now that we have got the country so well railroaded, it is not time to put some work, money and "gumption" into the building of our highways upon improved principles, so that we may have permanent, smooth level tracks upon which to draw our loads and drive our nice horses and carriages? We are decidedly of the opinion that our farming towns will find smooth, dry roads, with moderate grades, worth as much to them in money, to say nothing of pleasure and comfort, as the railroad connections for which they have been so anxious, and for which many of them have been so profusely taxed. No country in the world has such good driving horses as ours, but, save in our village streets, no country in Christendom has so few places where they can be driven at a good pace with comfort and safety. And a village street is the "wrongest" place for rapid driving.

But, in order to have good roads, we must employ men to plan and superintend them, who understand the business. This ought not to be extremely costly at this time. Our scientific schools and colleges have of late turned out a good many graduates in their civil engineering courses—far more than have been able to find employment. They ought to be able and willing, and doubtless are, to show about home their skill in their business at a moderate compensation. Give them a chance to do this, and it will encourage others to take up the study. There ought to be, and would be if they could find business, a competent road builder upon scientific principles in every town in the country. And they ought to be, and would be, content to serve their fellow citizens at a price equivalent to what is paid a minister or a teacher in the same community. The work now expended to a poor advantage for want of skillful direction upon our highways, would,

when properly bossed, make them as good again. The saving in the wear and tear of vehicles and teams, the larger loads that could be carried and the quicker trips that could be made, would very much more than pay the cost of skilled direction. Let the farmers think of this. It is worth while. It will lead to the most profitable improvement that can be made for the pleasure, comfort and profit of the country living.

Rural Education.

There is a necessity now for a higher grade of education in rural schools. For a few years past there has been a wonderful increase in the number of local journals, as well as in the circulation of special journals published in the large central cities. For one newspaper published a dozen or twenty years ago there are now ten; and for every reader of newspapers or other journals of that time, there are now twenty if not more. The result of this kind of popular education—and a most valuable kind of education it is—has been to largely increase the stock of information, and to give scope to an immense energy of thought. Where formerly the plainest and most matter of fact information only could be received, now matter suggestive of original thought is sought for, and the popular mind is able to entertain and discuss many heretofore unapproachable questions.

It cannot be permitted that the education gained in the school should be of a lower grade than that picked up in the family circle or from papers and books. The school should lead in this respect, and should always be in advance of every other source of information. At no previous time in human history have science and practical industry made such enormous progress. In that respect a thousand years of the past have been but as one day now, and the probability is that the future will completely overshadow the present. Under these circumstances, the system of education needs to be of the most thorough kind. It is certainly true that the day has passed away forever when reading, writing and arithmetic should be thought sufficient knowledge for a farmer's boy. The farmer's boy of this day needs a far higher education than that.

How to Grow Sweet Potatoes.

A correspondent who has had fifteen years' experience in growing sweet potatoes, writing from Camargo, Ill., in the *Indiana Farmer*, says: "The common farmer in preparing his ground for sweet potatoes, plows his ground very deep. This is a mistake. I prefer sandy clay soil, and, if the ground is not rich enough to bring a good crop of corn, I apply good barn-yard manure at the rate of fifteen to twenty tons per acre. This manure should be put on in January or February, and spread evenly over the ground. The last of March or the first of April I plow the ground as shallow as I can make the plow run to turn everything under. Now I let the ground lie until the time to put out the plants, which is from the 5th to the 20th of May in latitude 40. Then, harrow until the soil is well pulverized then, with a good two-horse plow, cast two furrows together, running the plow quite deep. In the centre of the ridge it is from five to seven inches to the subsoil or hard ground, and as soon as tubers reach the hard ground they commence to spread and make short thick tubers but if the soil is plowed deep and the season is wet it will produce more strings than potatoes. The ground should be plowed as above stated whether the manure is applied or not. I make my ridges or rows three feet and eight inches apart. Set the plants sixteen inches apart in the row. Cultivate and keep clean."

Hardiness of Plants.

It is generally understood that "rolling off a log" is one of the easiest things to do. But there is another thing just as easy. It is misjudging the hardiness of any plant. For instance, we have two Globe Arborvitae transplanted at the same time, growing in the same soil and only ten feet apart. Both are exposed alike. One is half-killed by the past cold season—the other has not one leaf injured. If we had had only the former, we should have told our readers that "this variety is not hardy with us." If we had had only the latter, we should have said "this variety is hardy with us." It is the same with the common Hemlock. We have not less than thirty trees in various parts of our grounds. Some of them have not been harmed in the least. Others have been seriously harmed. In this case it is evident that those growing in moist soil have suffered the least—though of the others it is possible to see why some should have been injured a good deal more than others. We might multiply instances. The fact is the word hardy is too generic to be of much service to us in conveying trustworthy information respecting the many influences which affect the vitality of plants during the wintry season.

Gapes in Chickens.

A writer in the *Rural New Yorker* says, after trying various remedies for the gapes in his little chickens: "I bethought me of the insect smelter, lime, sulphur and carbolic acid. I slaked a barrel full of lime wash to about the thickness of paint. Into this I stirred from ten to twelve pounds of sulphur flour. Into each panful used, I mixed about a tablespoonful of carbolic acid. With this on a broom or brush I sloshed over

every part of my henry, roost, floor and wall as well as every chicken coop, outside and in. Particularly over the floors of the latter a heavy coating was flushed. In the chicken coops this regimen was renewed again and again, especially with each new brood in the breeding season. The work is done very quickly. When Patrick finds out that he has not a job of delicate and artistic whitewashing on hand, he soon learns to despise economy of materials. The result is that the gapes have left. I have not lost a chick from it in more than two years, nor have I seen a symptom of its life in my broods."

Spring Care of Horses.

When the horse comes to be worked in the spring, the feed should be changed entirely; but in changing feed always do it gradually, and no harm will ensue. When working, the feed should consist of cut hay, wetted and mixed with meal made of corn and oats in equal parts ground together; and it is astonishing how little feed of this kind will keep a horse good at hard labor, it gaunts him, as he should be; he is not stuffed with hay, his wind, or breathing power, is better, and he does not need to drink so much water. As to watering, I have said nothing, as the rules for that are so simple and generally understood that any man who will founder a horse ought to be fined and imprisoned for cruelty to animals. In regard to the rearing and raising of horses, I will say but little, not being an expert, though I must have some useful knowledge, and will simply add: In the management of a horse, bring into play all your skill and ingenuity, taking advantage of your knowledge of the nature and disposition of the particular one with which you are dealing, which knowledge you will obtain by observation (no two requiring the same treatment), and thus avoid the necessity of ruling by brute force.

"Let the Mud Dry First."

Here is a capital lesson that may well be impressed upon the memory of both young and old: Mr. Spurgeon, in walking a little way out of London to preach, chanced to get his pantaloons a little muddy. A good deacon met him at the door and desired to get a brush and take off some of the mud. "Oh, no," said Mr. S., "don't you see it is wet, and if you try to brush it now you will rub the stain into the cloth? Let it dry, when it will come off easy enough and leave no mark." So, when men speak evil of us falsely, throw mud at us—don't be in a hurry about brushing it off. For great eagerness to rub it off is apt to rub it in. Let it dry; by and by, if need be, a little effort will remove it. Don't foster scandal about yourself or others, or trouble in a society, or in a church, by haste to do something. Let it alone; let it dry; it will be more easily eradicated than you think in the first heat of excitement. Time has a wonderful power in such matters. Very many things in this world will be easily got over judiciously "letting them dry."

Yield of Different Breeds of Cows.

Dr. J. C. Morris, of Birmingham, recently read an essay before the Philadelphia County Medical Society, in which he gave the yield of butter from the milk of different breeds of cows. The yield of milk is large in the Durham or Shorthorn, but very poor in butter. These 18 quarts of Durham (and often of common, which are mainly grade Durham), fourteen quarts of Devon or 12 quarts of Jersey yield one pound of butter. (Elms.) The Ayrshire and Devon are rich in casein and butter. The latter yields its cream but slowly and is therefore the best for family use. The Jersey is rich in butter but comparatively poor in casein, while the Durham is too watery. The Ayrshire is better than the latter but still hardly as rich or as evenly balanced in its constituents as the Devon. The Doctor's views are evidently from the Devon standpoint. He has one of the finest Devon herds in the country.

William Saunders, of the government garden at Washington, uses the following wash for trees: Put one-half a bushel of lime and four pounds of powdered sulphur in a tight barrel, slacking the lime with hot water, the mouth of the barrel being covered with a cloth. This is reduced to the consistency of ordinary whitewash, and at the time of application half an ounce of carbolic acid is added to each gallon of the liquid. Mr. Saunders says: I generally applied it in the spring, before the leaves make their appearance, but I am convinced that it would be more effective if applied later. But then it is more difficult to do so when the tree is in foliage.

Corn loses one-fifth by drying, and wheat one-fourteenth. From this the estimate is made that it is more profitable for farmers to sell unshelled corn in the fall for 75 cents than at \$1 a bushel in the following summer, and that wheat at \$1.25 in December is equal to \$1.50 in the succeeding June. In case of potatoes—taking those that rot and are otherwise lost—together with the shrinkage, there is little doubt that between October and June, the loss to the owner who holds them is not less than 33 per cent.

A valuable mixture to keep on hand at this season is one of coal ashes, sulphur and kerosene. The ashes should be very fine. It is best after passing them through the ordinary coal ash sieve. To one part of ashes thus sifted add a quart of kerosene and mix together. For currant worms, plant lice, cabbage flies, slugs on

on pear trees, melon bugs, this is very effectual. It is always best to use it in the cool of the morning, while the dew is upon the leaf.

Custard Fish or Fish Custard.

Names often go a great ways in deciding likes and dislikes. A Frenchman once invited a friend to partake with him of "a fricassee of boned robins' legs." The friend pronounced it exquisite, and determined to introduce so delightful a dish at home. Imagine his disgust, his upheaval of—feeling on happening to gather from a remark of a servant that he had just dined on a fricassee of frogs' legs. Recently, when breakfasting at a "boarding school" the young ladies were helped to a dish called "custard fish" or "fish custard," and they appeared to like it. Though a piece of steak was offered us as a visitor, curiosity prompted a request for some of the "custard fish." The first taste showed that it was our favorite preparation of salt codfish. There is in many families a decided repugnance to the use of codfish; it is considered plebeian, as only fit for those too poor to have any thing better. Yet it is one of the most wholesome, nourishing foods, is economical, and if rightly prepared is very palatable. It supplies excellent nutriment both for the brain and muscles. An eminent literary friend of ours used to say that, as his wife prepared it he wanted it "eight mornings a week."

From the hurried manner of curing and drying codfish during large catches, it often happens that they are not uniformly salted and cured throughout. The smallest portion neglected may injure the taste of the whole fish and of others packed with it. This has had much to do with creating a dislike for this food. In purchasing codfish, it is well to examine them carefully, and select only those of uniform color throughout, and having no tainted odor at any point. Those of medium size are preferable—the smaller ones being too skinny, and the larger ones too coarse grained. There is now a nice article to be generally obtained, which is called "boneless codfish," at a slightly higher price, yet cheap as compared with meat or most other fish. From those well cured, the vertebra and chief bones, the skin and fins, are removed, and only the clear, white parts are put up in boxes—all ready for immediate use.

A great point in the preparation of codfish is to have it well soaked entirely through to remove all excess of salt. Two or three waters should be used. It is best to pick finely, pour off one water, and let it stand in plenty of fresh water over night, or for several hours. If too fresh, which is seldom the case, salt is easily added. This thorough soaking after it is picked fine will make a marked difference in its flavor.

For "Custard Fish," boil the soaked fish in water until tender; then pour off the water and pick it very fine; have ready a quart of hot milk for three quarters of a pound of fish, and put into it the fish, and a tablespoonful of butter; stir it until it boils; then stir in well a heaping tablespoonful of flour, and cook it for five minutes. Let it cool a little, and then stir in two well-beaten eggs without further cooking.

For nice fish balls, soak the fish in warm but not boiling water for an hour, and repeat this twice; boiling water toughens it. Pour off the last water so as to leave it nearly dry, and chop it fine in a chopping bowl. Mash the boiled potatoes separately, and mix about one part fish with two parts of potato, putting about a tablespoonful of butter to a quart of the mixture, and adding salt if needed. Make into balls or cakes. This can be done the night before. Fry in lard or drippings, using only enough to keep them from sticking to the pan. Some prefer them fried swimming in lard, but they are less digestible. If the balls are first dipped in beaten egg, they will take up little of the fat, and are very good. When well made thus, they are palatable, easily digested, and nutritious as well as economical.—*April Agriculturalist*.

Americans Seeking Employment in Paris.

The newspapers of the United States would render a great service to their countrymen by giving publicity to the fact that people who come to Paris in search of work have their labor for their pains. Scarcely a week passes that one or more Americans do not apply at the several offices on the Rue Scribe for employment. Some of the applicants come from home alone, others lead brothers and sisters along, and, in many instances, the solicitors for work bring their wives and children with them. In nine cases out of ten these people have left America without first ascertaining whether Paris is a fertile field for employment or not, and besides they are totally unacquainted with the language and the business methods of the country. How any one can expect to better his condition by quitting his own land, and coming to one with whose language he is totally unfamiliar, it is difficult to imagine. And yet we do not exaggerate when we say that instances of this kind are increasing every year. The past season was, to be sure, exceptional in the number of people who were left without occupation at the close of the Exhibition, and it might be urged that they came over with certain employment in anticipation. Some did, and a great many more did not; and when the Exhibition was over several of the latter class who had managed to subsist somehow during the summer months found themselves without the means to pay their passage home. Outside of these exceptional cases the number of folks who wander over here in ordinary years has steadily increased, and it is time that the newspapers of the United States laid plainly the facts of the case before their readers. Paris is not a place that offers any advantages to those Americans who are obliged to work for a livelihood. What few situations there are do not yield anything more—and oftentimes less—in proportion

to the skill and intelligence required than similar ones in New York or any other of the large cities of the United States. It is, therefore, not only unwise for Americans to come to this city without the means of returning home in case they fail to find employment, but it is unjust to the people here who are obliged to send them back. The American colony has calls enough upon its generosity from deserving people who, by unforeseen circumstances, find themselves destitute in this city, without being called upon to help those whose distress has been brought about by their own want of forethought or by willful disregard of sound advice at home.—*Continental (Paris) Gazette*.

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ING TOBACCO.

Cigars Wholesale and Retail!

Oysters Received Fresh twice a week.

Highest prices paid for country

produce.

JOHN W. STUART,

vol 11-7-1y STATE COLLEGE, PA.

PAINTERS.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.—The thorough manner in which the "Quarterlies" discuss the prominent topics of the day is well illustrated in a very valuable number of the *Edinburgh Review*, for April, reprinted by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 41 Barclay street, New York.

In the article "Electric Light" we have a history of the attempts made to utilize the electric spark, and a minute description of various magneto-electric machines. While acknowledging that the problem of economical divisibility of the light has yet to be solved, the writer concludes that both electric light and gas will flourish side by side in friendly rivalry in the future.

Another very important topic is discussed in the paper entitled "Gold, and its Effects on Trade," which reviews the commercial statistics for the last thirty years, shows how the discovery of the gold mines in connection with the wonderful inventions which have signalized this period, stimulated the late remarkable outburst of material prosperity. The observations on the supply of money, and the present and prospective relations of gold and silver, deserve close attention.

Other articles are: "Bastiat, an Apostle of Free Trade," which gives a brief sketch of the life and character of this eminent political economist, interweaving with it a plain statement of the argument in favor of free trade. "William Cobbett," an account of his life and writings. "The King's Secret," the history of the secret diplomacy of Louis XV. "Pessimism," its great antiquity, and the theories or systems of some of its recent exponents. "Recent Excavations in Rome." "Memoirs and Characters of the Lennox." "East Anglian Sculpture." "South Africa."

The periodicals reprinted by The Leonard Scott Publishing Co. (41 Barclay street, N. Y.) are as follows: *The London Quarterly*, *Edinburgh Review*, and *Blackwood's Magazine*. Price \$4 a year for any one, or only \$15 for all, and the postage is prepared by the publishers.

CYCLOPEDIA OF LITERATURE.—It will be welcome news to all lovers of good literature that the new, beautiful and marvelously cheap Acme edition of Chamber's Cyclopaedia of English Literature is to be completed by June 1. Volume IV is just issued, and the remaining four volumes are to be issued and delivered at one time at the date stated. The work richly deserves the sale it has obtained of nearly 1,000,000 volumes already, and it ought to attain, as it probably will, to a round million. The price, which has varied at different times, increasing as the publication progressed, has now been permanently fixed at \$2 for the paper (8 volumes complete, nearly 3,500 pages), \$3 for cloth, \$4.75 for half morocco, gilt top, or \$3.75 for the four volume edition in half morocco, gilt top binding. A discount of ten per cent. from these prices is allowed to those whose orders are received before the first of June, and a further discount of ten per cent. to those ordering in clubs of five or more sets at one time. Postage, if ordered by mail, 48 cents extra. Orders will be filled in the order of receipt. Specimen pages and full particulars will be sent free on application. American Book Exchange, 55 Beekman street, New York, Publishers. Sold only direct to purchasers, and not through dealers or agents.

READING NOTICES.

DRUGGIST AND PHYSICIAN.—A physician complaining bitterly of dull times, went to his druggist to find out the reason why, at this season of the year, his practice was not so extensive as formerly; also to find out what inducements his brother medico offered to attract away his patients. He was startled when his druggist answered as follows: "Doctor, coughs and colds are very prevalent, but every one is purchasing Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar, and recover so rapidly that there is no necessity of calling in a physician. Again, the reason that Dr. F., on —th street, is having so many patients, is owing to the frankness he adopted in prescribing in every case of coughs, colds, etc., a bottle of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar, and finding it successful, he has concluded in future that all his patients, when troubled with any disease of the lungs, shall immediately commence taking Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar."

The druggist's advice was snapped, and the almost discouraged physician now is considered a successful practitioner. His claims are based upon the virtue of the medicine he adopts, which in all cases is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Sold by all druggists. Depot, 7 Sixth Avenue, New York City. C. N. Crutten, sole proprietor. Price 50 cents and \$1. Large size much the cheapest.

Pike's Toothache Drops, cure in one minute.

IF YOU WANT TO BE STRONG, HEALTHY and vigorous, take E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron. No language can convey an adequate idea of the immediate and almost miraculous change produced by taking E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron in the diseased, debilitated and shattered nervous system. Whether broken down by excess, weak by nature, or impaired by sickness, this reliable and unstrung organ is restored to perfect health and vigor. Sold only in \$1 bottles. Sold by all druggists and dealers everywhere.

Nervous Debility? Nervous Debility? Debility, a depressed, irritable state of mind, a weak, nervous, exhausted feeling, no energy or animation, confused head, weak memory, the consequences of excesses, mental overwork. This nervous debility finds a powerful cure in E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron. It tones the system, dispels the mental gloom and despondency, and rejuvenates the entire system. Sold only in \$1 bottles. Get the genuine. Take only E. F. Kunkel's. It has a yellow wrapper around it, his photograph on outside. Sold by your druggist. E. F. Kunkel, Proprietor, No. 279 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Send for circular, or advice free. Try my great remedy. Get it of your druggist, six bottles for \$6.00. It cannot fail. It is guaranteed to do as recommended.

Worms! Worms! Worms! E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup never fails to remove all kinds of worms. Scat, Pin and Round worms are quickly removed by Kunkel's Worm Syrup. Dr. Kunkel is the only successful Physician in the country for the removal of Tape worms. He removes them in five to three hours with head and all complete, alive and no fee.

until head is passed. Common sense teaches if Tape worm can be removed, all other worms can be readily destroyed. Ask your druggist for a bottle of Kunkel's Worm Syrup. Price \$1 per bottle. It never fails. If he has it not, have him get it, or send to the Proprietor, E. F. Kunkel, 279 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. (Advice at office free or by mail.) Apr. 23 4 w.

Tinware.

What's in a Name?
**E. A. SMITH,
TINSMITH.**

ALL MY TINWARE WARRANTED.

SMITH TINWARE.

ALL MY WARE IS STAMPED WITH MY NAME TO PREVENT DECEPTION.

ROOFING AND SPOUTING

MADE A SPECIALTY BY ME.

My Work Is All Warranted!

LIGHTNING RODS
Erected and Repaired.

Dealer in Stoves, Ranges, Heaters and Furnaces. Also set, clean and repair stoves, &c.

COME AND SEE.

Under Wilson, McFarlane & Co.'s Hardware Depot, First National Bank Block. 13-15-17

Hardware, &c.

HARDWARE!
JAMES HARRIS & CO.,
ARE SELLING VERY LOW
REAPER SECTIONS AND REPAIRS,
And all kinds of Farming Tools,
RAKES FORKS, SCYTHES, CRADLES, SPROUT'S HAY FORKS,
ROPE BLOCKS, ETC., ETC.,
As well as all kinds of HARDWARE, to meet all demands in this line.

Groceries.

**THE
MYSTERY SOLVED.**

**SMALL PROFITS
and QUICK RETURNS.**

—AT—
HAMILL & THOMPSON'S

MODEL STORE,
State College, Pa.,

you will find a large and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, GROCERIES,

QUEENSWARE,

GLASSWARE,

HARDWARE,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

A full line of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, and everything usually found in a first-class country store, at prices to suit the times.

STATIONERY, SCHOOL AND COLLEGE TEXT BOOKS CONSTANTLY ON HAND

CONFECTIONERY & FRUITS,

FRESH AND CHOICE.

We respectfully ask our friends to call and examine our stock, consult your own interest and be convinced.

HAMILL & THOMPSON.
vol 11-5-3m

Shaving Saloons.

M. S. GRAHAM,
FASHIONABLE BARBER,
In basement of the Conrad House, Bellefonte, Pa. The best of razors, sharp and keen, always on hand. He guarantees a shave without either pulling or pain. Perfumery, hair oil, hair restorer, etc., constantly on hand. Warm and Cold Baths. 511 f

Lumber.

LUMBER.
YARD AT BELLEFONTE, PA.
F. W. CRIDER.
P. B. CRIDER & SON,
MANUFACTURERS.

A Retail LUMBER YARD near Duane Hall & Co.'s Mill, Bellefonte, Pa., where they are prepared to fill orders promptly for any kind of BUILDING MATERIAL, FENCING, PAINTING, &c. White and Yellow Pine, Oak and Hemlock Plank, Boards, and Building Lumber; also Shingles, Siding, and Planing Mill Lumber, and all kinds of Lumber, Doors, Frames, Sash, Blinds, Shutters and Mouldings.

CELLAR GRATES, WINDOW WEIGHTS AND BRICK; LIME, HAIR, GLASS, NAILS, &c., &c.

A reasonable amount of farm produce taken in exchange.

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New Advertisements.

BOOKS FOR MILLION
WOMAN
MARRIAGE

A large, new and complete Guide to Wedlock, containing, with many others, the following chapters: A complete Womanhood, Selection of Wife, Bridehood, Matrimony, Temperament, Compatibility and Incompatibility, Stability in wedlock, cause and treatment, Prostitution, its causes, Cullery and Matrimony compared, Coquetry, Single Life compared to Married Life, Impediments to Marriage, in male and female, Science of Divorce, Legal rights of married women, etc., including Diseases peculiar to Women, their cause and treatment. A book for private and confidential reading, of 200 pages, with full Plate Engravings, by mail, sealed, for 50 cents.

"The Private Medical Adviser" on Syphilis, Gonorrhea, Gleet, Stricture, Venereal, etc., also on Spematorrhea, Sexual Debility, and Impotency, from Belleson's and Leases, causing Female Leucorrhoea, Venereal Disease, Catarrh of the Uterus, Physical Decay, Dimness of Sight, Defective Memory, etc., making marriage impossible, giving a true account, and a great many valuable recipes for the cure of all private diseases; since also, over 40 Plates, 20 cents.

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H. K. HICKS—Hardware.

**NOT BY FAVOR
BUT BY MERIT ALONE!**

I WILL MAINTAIN THE REPUTATION THIS OLD HARDWARE HOUSE HAS MADE DURING THE LAST FIFTEEN YEARS OF

**GIVING THE PEOPLE FULL VALUE
FOR THEIR MONEY.**

My sales are increasing from month to month, which gives me the front rank in trade.

H. K. HICKS,
(Successor to T. A. HICKS & BRO.)

Greatest Hardware Store,

**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
IN CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.**

18 HEAD-QUARTERS FOR HARDWARE IN ALL ITS DETAILS.

**STOVES IN ENDLESS VARIETY,
OILS, PAINTS,
AND COACHMAKERS' GOODS!**

Bear in mind, I don't allow a single clerk to misrepresent anything that is sold out of this house—money refunded if goods do not prove as represented. I allow no party to undersell me. I sell for no bails. Come and examine any stock before purchasing elsewhere—it is a pleasure to me to show goods. All mail orders promptly attended to, and prices sent upon application. 20-3m

Bush House.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS!

—THE—
BUSH HOUSE!

BELLEFONTE, PA.,

has been thoroughly renovated and repaired, and under the management of the new proprietor, MR. GEORGE HOPPE, formerly of Pittsburgh, is first-class in all its appointments.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS

Are offered to those in attendance at COURT, and others remaining in town for a few days at a time.

The Largest and most Superbly Designed Hotel in Central Pennsylvania.

ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES. GO TRY THE BUSH HOUSE.
GEORGE HOPPE, Proprietor.

Doll's Boot & Shoe Store.

Home Industry! Home Industry!!

A VISIT TO THE NEW FARMERS'

BOOT & SHOE STORE

is sufficient to convince everybody that it is the

CHEAPEST AND MOST RELIABLE PLACE IN TOWN.

IT IS NOT SURPASSED IN STYLES AND MATERIALS. THE BEST AND LATEST STYLES OF

**BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS
AND SLIPPERS, CAN BE BOUGHT AT**

**LOUIS DOLL'S,
BROCKERTHOFF ROW, BELLEFONTE.**

Wilson & McFarlane—Hardware.

**STOVES, RANGES,
—AND—
HARDWARE,**

CHEAPER THAN EVER!

WILSON & McFARLANE

ARE SELLING ALL KINDS OF

Double & Single Parlor Heaters,

COOK STOVES AND RANGES,

HARDWARE, PAINTS,

Oils, Varnishes, Glass, &c.,

ARE SOLD VERY LOW. They are the only party in this County selling the celebrated

ARMSTRONG'S McKELVY'S PURE WHITE LEAD.

GUARANTEED STRICTLY PURE AND BETTER THAN ANY LEAD IN THE MARKET. It will pay one double to buy at the new Hardware Store, Humes' Block Allegheny-street, Bellefonte, Pa. WILSON & McFARLANE. 9-14-16

THE BEST IN THE WORLD
"SOLD BY ALL DEALERS"
WHITE SEWING MACHINE
\$1500.00
CASH TO AGENTS
BEWARE OF BOGUS DEALERS AND DECEIVED NUMBERS
NOTICE OUR GENUINE NUMBER ON SHUTTLE RACE-PLATE
FOR PARTICULARS ADDRESS:
WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO. CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Bellefonte Republican.

By EDWARD T. TUTEN.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer. Correspondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

Local Department.

CARD.

Owing to the general reduction in prices of all commodities, we saw fit, about the last of March, to reduce prices on all classes of general merchandise, and, among others, we placed Arabuck's coffee at 15¢ cents—a reduction of 6¢ cents per pound over all others—since which an effort was made by a combination of merchants to keep us from getting these coffees. We wish to notify the community generally that we are ready to fill all calls for Arabuck's coffee, or any other goods in our line, at published prices, and comments to the contrary notwithstanding. S. & A. LOEB.

—Go to Lyon & Co. for clothing.

—Eight wagons at market last Saturday.

—If you want good shoes, go to Doll's.

—Lyon & Co. are trimming ladies' hats to order.

—A good suit clothing at Lyon & Co.'s for \$2.25.

—Our borough was "adequately described" last week.

—Another lot of \$2.40 suits and 25-cent hats at Newman's.

—For the best assortment of boots and shoes go to Doll's.

—Buy your goods at an exclusive store. The Bee Hive store.

—Hon. Andy Reed, of Lewistown was in town last Thursday.

—R. A. Laird has turned his attention to contracting and building.

—Have you seen the nice white vests at Newman's for 70 cents.

—Hon. Seth. H. Yocum arrived from Washington last Thursday morning.

—Harry Williams, of Philipsburg, was in town attending court last week.

—Always go to headquarters for the lowest prices. The Bee Hive store.

—Hon. John B. Linn's residence, on Allegheny street, is being re-roofed.

—This is what she said: "The best shoes I have thus far purchased came from Louis Doll's."

—Charles Cromley, formerly of the Bush House, has left the Leister House Huntington.

—George Foust, a resident of Pennsylvania, has been taken to the Danville insane asylum.

—Suits made to order out of all wool Cassimere at Newman's for \$12. All work warranted.

—Bartruff's carriage shops are open all the year round, and not only during the summer season.

—Hon. A. J. Quigley, late member of the Legislature from Clinton county, has gone into the insurance business at Altoona.

—E. C. Humes, Esq. left yesterday for Saratoga as a delegate to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church of the United States.

—In addition to the new floor in the Snow Shoe office building, the walls have been decorated with a handsome pattern of paper.

—The citizens of Pleasant Gap will celebrate Decoration Day. Mr. A. V. Miller, an enterprising gentleman, is taking the lead in the project.

—Application has been made for the pardon of Charles Miller. The application is backed by a petition signed by many of our citizens.

—The school house at Reopersburg was broken into on Thursday night by some intoxicated bloot, who left the room in a shameful condition.

—Farmers and others needing wagon or carriage tires shortened, should go to Bartruff. He has a machine that shrinks instead of cutting the tire.

—Tuesday, May 27th, promises to be a field day for parties going west. It is thought that about a carload will go from Centre and adjacent counties.

—Rev. Hewitt, rector of St. John's Episcopal church, has been presented with a handsome walnut prayer desk. It is the gift of Mrs. Thomas Reynolds' class.

—James Williams, Esq., who has been in the coal regions for several months, returned to his place of business yesterday, after spending a week at home.

—Many farmers in this county are harvesting their wheat in order to break the crust of earth in which it is literally baked, preventing the wheat from growing.

—The building occupied by Bush, Yocum and Hastings is being repainted. Rankin & Son's insurance building has also been beautified by the same kind of an operation.

A New Industry.

Mr. W. M. Holmes, of this place, left for Altoona on Monday to engage in a new enterprise in that city, arrangements for which have been progressing for several months. It is the intention of Mr. Holmes to supply the wholesale and retail trade of Altoona with all the products of a dairy, viz: butter, eggs, milk, cream, cheese, and, in addition to dairy products, a large lot of poultry will be kept on hand. For the purpose of carrying into effect this plan, Mr. Holmes has rented a spacious room on 10th Avenue, between 10th and 11th streets, a few doors above the Logan House, where he has every convenience for preserving and dispensing of the articles mentioned above. Altoona is a large and growing city, and we understand that it is often difficult to secure either a good quantity or quality of the articles that Mr. Holmes proposes to make a specialty. In view of this he should be sustained and encouraged in his endeavors to give the public the very best that the market affords.

Mr. Holmes has been a resident of Bellefonte for fifteen years, and during that time was engaged principally as a lumberman. He is known to be an honest, upright, honorable gentleman, and just the man for the people of Altoona to deal with. Philip Teats, an experienced hand at the business, accompanied Mr. Holmes.

Farm House Destroyed.

The dwelling house of Mr. George Hastings, on his farm in Benner township, was totally destroyed by fire on Saturday morning about five o'clock. Mr. Hastings arose at an early hour, made a fire in the kitchen stove and went to the barn. Upon looking towards the house a few minutes afterwards, he discovered the roof to be all ablaze. Fortunately, his wife had been awakened, and she barely escaped with the children, leaving all else behind. Their household goods were burned, and only a few articles were saved. Though there was a small insurance upon the building and furniture, the loss will be severe upon Mr. Hastings. The neighboring farmers showed their kindness and sympathy for Mr. Hastings by furnishing five teams and workmen, thereby assisting him in planting his corn. Such kindness will be rewarded.

A church convention, Altoona district, Central Penn. conference, M. E. church will be held at Tyrone, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, May 27, 28 and 29. The discussions of each day will be divided into departments under the following heads: Sabbath School, Devotional, Educational and Social. A rich programme has been arranged by the executive committee and the convention promises to be one of rare interest. Thos. H. Murray, Esq. of Clearfield, will deliver his lecture on St. Paul on Tuesday morning. Rev. R. A. Cronce, of Howard, and L. T. Eddy, Esq. of Milesburg, will conduct the musical exercises. A number of ministers and laymen from Centre county are on the list of talkers.

Wanted: Two exemplary ladies to represent the Wigwam at the coming Sunday-school convention at Altoona. Persons of experience preferred. As to inducements, it may be said that Altoona promises to go one better than Williamsport in the matter of poor houses, hospitals, orphan asylums, &c., while she solemnly avers that, though the town is bankrupt, yet motherly and benevolent bankers are to be stumbled against on most every street corner.

A six-year-old son of Andy Loneberger, while playing with a crowd of boys on Friday evening, fell and dislocated his shoulder and fractured the shoulder blade. Mr. L. would like a sermon preached to the boys of Bellefonte on their everlasting "cutting up," but "boys will be boys," if it is necessary to fracture arms, legs, shoulder blades, and necks occasionally.

On Thursday evening last a meeting of soldiers was held in the town council room to reorganize the Post of the Grand Army of the Republic which once existed in this place. All necessary arrangements were made, and the Post will be mustered in as soon as the proper officer arrives.

Trophy tomato plants grown from seed selected from tomatoes weighing from sixteen to twenty-four ounces, for sale at ten cents per dozen at our hot bed.—Anna and Jennie Shortlidge.

A festival by the ladies of the Baptist church is on the programme for some time in the early part of the month of June.

Gen. James A. Beaver is attending United States Court at Pittsburg this week as a juror.

Farmers' boots and shoes a specialty at Doll's.

The Bellefonte Paper Works.

These works, located in Benner township, three-quarters of a mile from Bellefonte, were built in 1875 by J. F. Batchelder and John Fisher, of Lock Haven, and cost \$30,000. Owing to financial embarrassments, this firm conducted the business only a short time before operations stopped. On November 13, 1877, the mill and lands were bought at Assignee's sale by P. B. Crider & Son. The works were leased to Wm. H. Guie, who continued in charge until sometime in the early part of 1878. The mill was subsequently leased to Bobb Bros., of Blair county, who operated until a short time since, when the Bellefonte Paper Mill Co. (limited) with a capital of \$25,000, was formed. This company is composed of P. B. Crider & Son and George Valentine, all men of good business qualifications, and capitalists.

THE BUILDING has a total length of 200 feet. The machine room is 109 by 30; pulp engine room 40 by 60, bleach house 30 by 30. The building occupied by the two last-named departments is three stories high. The whole is a substantial structure, and complete in every particular.

THE MACHINERY consists of two large pulp engines with foundation for another engine twice the size of the other two, arrangements for the erection of which are now being made, five drawers (large tubs) 8 by 8, two bleach tubs 9 by 12, a 62-inch paper machine with seven copper and one iron cylinders, two making rolls, one stack of calendar rolls, top and bottom rolls 12 inches, others 7, paper cutter and reel. The machinery is driven by a fifteen horse-power engine and a 44-inch La-felle water wheel, with a 11½ foot fall, fed from a 4½ foot dam in Spring Creek that covers eight acres, the water of which is conducted to the wheel through a headrace and fore-bay 1,000 feet long.

PROCESS OF MANUFACTURE. At present the mill is running on a heavy grade of manilla paper, and about five tons are turned out per week. The paper is made of jute, a fibrous material, its appearance like coarse flax, exported in bales of 550 to 450 pounds from the West Indies. Besides being used for paper, it is made into material for "bagging" for cotton bales, and forms an important factor in the adulteration of silk.

The jute is taken to the third story of the building, put through a cutter, and comes out in short pieces. It is then transferred to another room and thrown into huge tubs that have a capacity of about three tons each. About six inches of stock is put in, and this is covered with two bushels of lime, slaked in water. Steam from the engine boiler is conveyed to the tub and the material is boiled about twelve hours. This operation softens the jute and turns it from a tough to a pliable nature. As soon as it is sufficiently "cooked," as the operators say, the jute is thrown out and hauled to the washer, a machine constructed something on the plan of a churn or a modern clothes washer. After being washed three hours, twenty-three pounds of bleaching material is added and the whole is washed an hour longer. By a valve in the bottom of the washer, it is conveyed through a trough into a drawer. This is a large tub about like the first one mentioned, except that it has a cloth bottom. In time the water is drained out of the jute, which, by this time has assumed a manilla color, is thrown out of the tub and put into what is known as "the beater." This machine looks exactly like the washer, but the interior arrangement is different, inasmuch as it is required to do finer work. Like a pair of good teeth, it cuts the pulp finer than did the washer, but it requires eight hours to do it. The beater and washer are properly known as pulp engines. The stock, having long since become a pulp, is conveyed to the "stuff chest," in the wheel house. The machinery of the stuff chest, keeps the pulp continually in motion, and a force pump forces into what is called the dividing box, or as some say, the "postoffice," from which place part flows back into the chest and part through a trough to the paper machine. It strikes a sort of platform that is always in motion, and a current of water carefully removes all impurities and properly distributes the pulp. It now comes in contact with a large hollow cylinder, covered with a fine wire gauze. A suction pump at one end of this cylinder draws the pulp through to the opposite side, and it sticks to the gauze. It is carried from there on a roll, the technical name for which we do not remember, and gets on to what is known as the "felt," a sort of blanket. The felt carries it along until it arrives at the first press, two rolls, one of which is made of birdseye maple, and kept clean by a continuous stream of water. The blanket conveys it over and under numerous rollers to

the second press—two heavy iron rolls. Here it leaves the blanket because of its strength, and has very much the appearance of yellow paper. On it goes, and pretty soon comes to the dryers, seven copper and one iron cylinders, heated to a certain temperature by steam. The cylinders revolve at the same rate of speed, and the paper, in passing around them is dried and made ready for the calendar, a stack of seven iron rolls, which remove all specks, &c., and put on a good finished surface. The finished paper is then run on to several reels, thence through a cutter, and it comes out in sheets of 39 by 40 inches. These are counted into quires; the quires into reams, and the reams into bundles. These latter are neatly tied up, marked, and sent to market.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

On the present run of stock from fourteen to fifteen hundred pounds of paper are made per day.

John L. Clark and William Lucas are the practical men. The former knows all about the paper trade, has worked in a half dozen different States, and is an intelligent, social gentleman. Mr. Lucas has been about the mill ever since its erection was commenced, and he understands the business. He takes great delight in showing visitors around the mill. At present Messrs. Clark and Lucas are running the mill on contract.

Eight persons find employment in the mill.

The new pulp engine and water wheel will add much to the mill's capacity. The new wheel will be purchased of W. P. Duncan & Co.

Batchelder & Doris' Big Show.

On Friday, May 16th, Batchelder & Doris' museum, menagerie and circus will put in an appearance at Bellefonte. In the morning before the show commences there will be a street-parade, which it will pay all to turn out to see. Our exchanges speak in the highest terms of this entertainment. We clip the following from the Baltimore Star:

The above-named establishment made the best display on our streets yesterday morning that has occurred in a long time. Thousands of people lined the streets, and every window seemed full of expectant humanity, with bands playing, plumes waving, beautiful ladies, gallant knights in armor, and an unusually brilliant array of cages, vans, chariots, elephants, camels, and all that go to make up a genuine circus parade, wended its way through our streets to the Bellefonte Lot, where the immense pavilion of the big show had been erected. During the afternoon and evening enormous crowds attended the exhibition. The riding of Miss Mollie Brown, Romeo Sebastian, Alexis Scarfer, Mlle. Antoinette, and Mlle. Le Blanc were the theme of the highest praise, while the gymnastic performances of the Siegfist family were something wonderful. Cardello and Victorella on the horizontal bar, performed some new and different feats in a very satisfactory manner. The clowns were better than the average. The entire exhibition was good from the beginning to the end, and will draw large houses during the week.

The Bellefonte Barnyard.

A citizen by our side rather indignantly exclaims, "the Bellefonte barnyard is again in full blast. By actual count, we saw twenty-six cows in one huddle this morning in front of our premises that we are trying to keep decent. Some of them were on our pavement, two in the front yard of a neighbor, taking the first fruits of the lawn. How long, oh! how long is this nuisance to be tolerated! For the sake of the good name of Bellefonte, let it be abated at once and forever." This is the sentiment of at least three fourths of the people. The nuisance should be abated by all means. If there is an ordinance to prevent it, let it be enforced.

Newman, the king clothier, gave us an idea why he can and does sell cheaper than all his competitors. As he gives his reasons, everybody can easily see that it is correct and true to the letter. 1st. His stock of clothing and gents' furnishing goods is immense. He has more clothing than any three mixed stores in the county. 2d. He deals in nothing but men's wear, buys largely and sells more clothing than any three other stores, hence, he can take smaller profits than those that sell small amounts of clothing. 3d. He buys all his goods at the very lowest cash prices, and gives his customers the benefit of his low prices.

Valentines & Co. have re-arranged their old rolling mill building, near the glass works, and will use it as a grain house. An elevator has been put in, and other improvements made. A full stock of farming implements will also be kept on hand.

Mrs. Ellis, a temperance advocate from Philadelphia, will arrive in town to-day. A meeting of ladies will be held in the Logan house this afternoon to make arrangements for a meeting, to take place to-morrow night.

Mr. Frank Cessna, an ex-Bellefonte cigar maker, visited his old tramping ground on Monday.

Decoration Day.

After the Grand Army meeting, last Thursday night, measures were taken to properly celebrate Decoration Day in Bellefonte. A committee of arrangements, consisting of E. A. Smith, D. M. Glenn, H. P. Harris, W. E. Shupe and R. C. Cheesman, was appointed. These gentlemen will confer with each other and endeavor to make the celebration a success. William Jones, the old financial war-horse, has been appointed to manage the finances. As a financier for such occasions, Mr. Jones has no equal in Bellefonte. Heretofore he has always secured enough to pay all bills. To the ladies of Bellefonte and vicinity the committee of arrangements look for the floral display. In the past they have so liberally responded that it is not at all doubtful as to the requisite supply of floral tributes, providing, of course, that the weather be favorable. Both fire companies, Company B, N. G., and all the civic societies and Sunday schools will be invited. Some of these organizations have already signified their willingness to turn out, and we trust others will not be slow in so doing.

Let every citizen take upon him or herself the responsibility of doing something. Contribute of your means, give flowers, and do not fail to put in an appearance on the 30th. Let us honor the memories of the heroes who honored us in times of danger.

Last Saturday afternoon, in company with Mr. Al. Garman, we regaled ourselves with a twenty-one mile drive to the somewhat antiquated village of Millheim, often styled "Dutchland." But no matter what name is applied to it, a more jovial, friendly class of people than the Millheimers one would not care to meet. If it has old buildings, likely to collapse at any time, and rickety sidewalks, it also has, as an offset, beautiful scenery, delightful walks and drives, and, better still, lots of pretty maidens. Immediately upon our arrival in town we were captured by our friend B. Miller, of the Journal, who insisted that we should make his place our headquarters. We didn't exactly know what was meant by "his place," but the matter was soon explained when he marched us up the steps of a handsome, cozy little house of his own. We were at home the minute we crossed the threshold, and what Mr. Bamiller and his estimable wife did not do to contribute to our comfort is not worth mentioning. We hope to visit Millheim some time again when the season is farther advanced, and the valley and mountains are rigged out in their summer foliage.

As a can-can, the show on Monday night was a first-class farce, which is a good thing for public morals. The performers were devoid of talent, and fell far short of being even passable. The company endeavored to get out of town without paying the band, but the boys got the "drop" on them. To be mild, Fannie May's Royal (?) Blondes (?) are frauds, and we don't say this because we didn't get complimentary tickets, for which we feel highly honored.

R. A. Laird, contractor for the new temperance building at the forge, informs us that it will be ready for occupancy by the first of July. The building will be 28 by 40 feet inside. The lower room will be used as an audience room for religious purposes, etc. On the second floor will be a temperance hall, library room and reading room. A small cupola or bell tower will surmount the building, and the whole structure will be neatly painted.

A gentleman from Malaga, N. J., representing forty glass makers, visited Bellefonte last week on business pertaining to the glass works. If satisfactory arrangements can be made these workmen will lease the establishment and run it on the co-operative plan.

Sechler's meat is just too sweet. For this or any other town, Which makes the other butchers frown Stamp their feet, And say, "we're beat!"

In Bauland's new advertisement special attention is given to dress goods of all kinds. The Bee Hive is the most popular resort in town for first-class dress goods.

Howorth's Hibernica show, at Reynold's Hall last Wednesday night was well patronized. The performance was first-class, and everybody speaks well of it.

John C. Miller & Co., at the model book store, have a full supply of balls and bats. Base ball clubs cannot do better by buying elsewhere.

James Chambers, Esq., aged about 75 years, a resident of Half Moon township, died on Saturday and was buried on Monday.

A good calico shirt at Lyon & Co.'s for 20 cents.

The Reporter says Mr. Peter Yearick, of Miles twp., a few weeks ago, while in the woods felling trees, met with an accident which will cost him a leg. By some means or other, in trying to escape a falling tree he fractured his knee cap seriously, and the physicians are of the opinion that his leg will have to be amputated, and that even then his life is not out of danger.

J. Newman, Jr., the King Clothier, don't humbug the people by telling them that he is selling at cost. But he positively asserts that he is selling better goods for less money than those who advertise at cost. A call at his famous Eagle Clothing Hall will convince you of the fact. He has pants at 40 cents, hats at 25 cents, shirts at 25 cents, and everything in proportion. 14 tf

The finest fruits in their season always on hand at Sechler's. Also everything in the grocery line; tobacco and cigars, queensware. The highest prices allowed for country produce.

We are agents for Sawyer's Woolen Mills; and also for Kipper's foreign woollens. The finest fabrics. All wool suits to order, Tuxedos and one-half Dollars. 24f MONTGOMERY & Co., Tailors.

Four rooms and one dwelling house with eight rooms, on Lamb street, for rent at reasonable rates. Inquire of William Jones, ag't, 1st National Bank. 16 tf

A large line of millinery goods at Lyon & Co.'s

On and after this date overcoats will be sold at cost at Newman's Eagle Clothing Hall. Remember this. 21f

Go and examine the white vests at Newman's from 75 cents up.

You can buy clothing at cost at Lyon & Co.'s

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco. vol 11-5-ly

MARRIED.

STOVER-HAYS.—At the residence of John T. Clark, Esq., in Liberty township, April 27, by Rev. W. A. Ridge, Mr. John H. Stover, Jr., to Miss Virginia M. Hays, all of Eagleville.

JAMES-LANSON.—At the residence of Henry Omer, in Liberty township, May 11, 1879, by the Rev. W. A. Ridge, Mr. James G. James to Miss Martha L. Lanson, all of Eagleville.

DIED.

ELLENBARGER.—On Sunday, May 4th, 1879, Jacob Ellenbarger, of Half Moon township, aged 5 years and 2 months. Deceased had been a resident of Centre county for sixty-one or more years, and was the father of eleven children. His wife died sixteen years ago.

SNYDER.—On the 1st instant, at Hahlersburg, Mr. John Clement Snyder, in the 77th year of his age.

IDDINGS.—April 24th, in Union township, of pneumonia, Mr. William Idings, in the 66th year of his age.

Cut this out and hand it to your neighbor: BROWN'S DIABETIC CURE.

Established 8 years ago at Green Springs, Sandusky county, Ohio, continues to be the wonder of the age in its marvelous cures of Diabetes, Dysuria, Gravel, and all forms of Kidney and Bladder Diseases. To be convinced, come or send for a circular and sworn testimony. J. L. BROWN, M. D., Physician in charge.

O. J. SMITH, Trustees. 11-13-ly

HAPPY VOICES (Copyrighted.)

How glad happy voices,
Like sweet Sabbath bells,
Over the hills and the vales,
The glad story tell
Of the celebrated STAR PARLORE ORGAN,
manufactured by Altinger, Bosley & Co., Wash-
ington, N. J. The finest organ for less money
than any in the United States. Write to them.

Bellefonte Markets.

BELLEFONTE, May 14th 1879.
Owing to the season for planting corn being at hand the buyers of store goods were not so numerous on our streets within the last week as during the two weeks previous, but the competition among the sellers is fully up to the times, and prices of goods are quite as low when competition began.

Flour.—Flour is dull sale, and our mills are confined to a limited business.

GRAIN.—The wheat market here is in full sympathy with that of western cities, and prices are decidedly firm. Although wheat is nominally quoted at \$1 a bushel, there was some that changed hands at \$1.05 and \$1.10. This would indicate that dealers were coming back to their old tricks—willing to pay full price to those who are posted, while those who are not posted must take what they can get. Farmers who read the newspapers, as a rule, get full prices for their grain.

CORN.—The price is so low that it hardly pays farmers to raise it in this section. The mills are now being supplied from the West at 45 to 50 cents, and rye there is little doing.

Potatoes of last year are retailing at the stores at one dollar per bushel.

HAY.—The best sells for ten dollars a ton, delivered.

QUOTATIONS.
Wheat per bushel.....\$1 00
Red wheat.....1 00
Rye per bushel.....45
Corn, cob.....45
Corn, shelled.....45
Oats per bushel.....35
Cloverseed.....\$3 75
Flour, retail, per barrel.....5 00
Flour, wholesale.....4 50
HAY AND STRAW.
Hay, choice timothy, per ton.....\$10 00
Hay, mixed, per ton.....8 00
Long rye straw, bundled, per ton.....5 50
Short straw per ton.....5 00

PLASTER.
Cayuga, ground, per ton.....\$ 8 00
Nova Scotia, ground, per ton.....10 00

Provision Market.

Corrected weekly by Valentines & Co.
Apples, dried, per pound.....5
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded.....10
Beans per quart.....15
Fresh butter per pound.....15
Chickens per pound.....6
Cheese per pound.....16
Country hams per pound.....12
Hams, sugar cured.....12
Lard per pound.....6
Eggs per doz.....30
Potatoes per bushel.....10
Dried beef.....20
Wilson's pressed beef per pound.....15
Canned tomatoes per can.....12
Lemons per doz.....30
Dried sweet corn per pound.....10
Small Onions per quart.....10